

The background of the entire cover is a vibrant, abstract composition of blue and purple light streaks and patterns. In the center, a hand is shown holding a glowing, translucent sphere. Overlaid on this sphere is a green caduceus symbol, which consists of a staff with two snakes entwined and wings at the top. The overall aesthetic is futuristic and medical or scientific.

정용(正龍) 현대판타지 소설

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골든타임

GOLDEN TIME

MUNPIA
장르문학의 유토피아, 글세상 문피아

Golden Time

- 골든타임 -

- Volume 4 -

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[Pyoncs (Gravity Tales)]

Chapter 89

Resident Im Gyungso smiled at Suhyuk.

When Suhyuk was completing his one-month internship at the surgery department, Im was in charge of him.

He reached out his hand to Suhyuk.

He was wondering which 'monster' Kim was talking about, and now he figured out who it was.

"My service to you, young man!"

He held Suhyuk's hand.

"I welcome your great teaching, sir," answered Suhyuk.

At Suhyuk's words, Im was shaking his head slowly.

Is there anything I can teach him?

When Suhyuk was an intern, Im showed him all the charts about his patients. Then Suhyuk instantly found out which surgery a patient had underwent or which treatment given. Im still vividly remembers the feelings he felt about him back then.

So, Im sorted out the nicknames that Suhyuk carried with him and summed them up in one word: alien.

"Welcome to the thoracic surgery department. I have no doubt at all that you won't adapt well here."

"I'll try my hardest."

"Follow me, guys. You have to at least be able to recognize other doctors' faces, right?"

The new residents, guided by Im, went to meet the other doctors to say hello.

Going around the hospital wards, Suhyuk looked around slowly.

Was it because he became a resident?

He felt a sort of different feeling compared to what he had felt when he was an intern.

As it happened to be his first day as a resident, it was passing slowly with no specific assignment. He just went around the patients' rooms to say hello to the doctors in charge.

"I'm Lee Suhyuk. My service to you, sir."

Looking at a patient's chart, a senior resident raised his head, saying, "Oh, I'm glad to see you."

He was Chief Resident Kang Mingyu.

"You've come a long way, but keep in mind that it is a fresh start from now on. As you've made the decision to work here, you won't be free even to go to the restroom."

Suhyuk nodded his head. Actually he was already fully prepared for it, so the chief's remarks were not that scary.

"Take a good rest today. See you tomorrow."

Saying that, Kang left the place.

He was in charge of as many as 12 patients' rooms. He was just too busy.



Coming back to his lodging, Suhyuk lay on the bed and closed his eyes.

He thought every day was a new beginning, and that now was the real beginning.

'Prof. Han Myungjin... '

He heard that he would serve as a resident with Prof. Han for one month.

He recalled Mr. Han's image.

He heard it before that it's like picking a star from the sky to see Prof. Han in the hospital.

Prof. Han would often go out to move an emergency patient to the hospital or spend most of his time in the surgery room.

It was still vivid in Suhyuk's memory that Prof. Han took care of a wounded patient inside a helicopter, or watching the sleeping patient's face quietly while performing the surgery.

Suhyuk murmured to himself. *"He's a real doctor..."*



The time was 1am.

Right after an emergency surgery, Prof. Han was coming out of the operating room.

"Nice job, sir."

When Kang Mingyu said that, Han patted him on the shoulder.

"You, too, did a good job."

It was a patient whose spleen was ruptured in a traffic accident. Fortunately, however, the surgery was well done as planned. The patient moved to the recovery room, and Han Myungjin moved with him.

A man in his early 30s.

He lifted up his trembling eyelid as he moaned.

Looking at him, Han smiled and asked, "Mr Park Hyunjin, do you know where you are right now?"

With a deep frowning, Park slowly moved his pupil.

"It looks like a hospital... What happened?"

Han, patting him on the shoulder lightly, said, "You were brought here as you were in a traffic accident. Don't you remember?"

"Ah..."

Now he began to make an expression as if he suddenly remembered what happened.

Though his blood pressure was a bit unstable, he was otherwise normal.

As Park was a young man, he could open his eyes easily.

“You can get discharged after lying in bed a bit more.”

Saying that, Han went out of the recovery room and met his guardians.

“Oh, doctor!”

Park’s guardians, waiting for him anxiously, approached Han quickly.

“You must have been worried a lot.”

They waited for Han to say something about Park’s condition.

“Surgery did go well, as planned. We’ll continue to monitor his condition while he’s in hospitalization here...”

With a smile, Han looked at the baby in her mother’s arms.

“Look like he wants to get discharged quickly to play with this cute little girl.”

A sigh of relief came out of their mouths.

Then an automatic door opened, and the patient was carried outside.

“Junghee’s Dad!”

They quickly came up to the patient.

Han, looking at them with a happy look, and said to Kang, “Carry the patient to the patients’ room and give a good briefing to his guardians.”

“Yes, sir.”

Watching over the patient who was carried on a stretcher quietly, Han moved out to go smoke a cigarette.

Walking down the hall, he looked feeble in a way.

That was natural, as he could not sleep more than 3 hours a day recently.

He looked exhausted on his face.

When he was going out of the lobby, someone called him from behind.

“Prof. Han.”

He turned back his head.

“How are you sir?”

Recognizing Suhyuk, Han nodded his head with a smile, “Is your internship interesting?”

“I’m now a resident, sir.”

Han was a bit surprised at his words.

It seemed like just yesterday when he introduced himself as an intern, and now he had already become a resident.

“So, what have you been up to until now?”

“I was just going around this place as I couldn’t go to sleep.”

He had a coke can in his hand.

Noticing it, Han said, “Cola can have a high acidity and cause dental acidosis. It also prevents calcium absorption.”

With a smile, Suhyuk then looked at Han’s cigarette, “How about your cigarette, sir?”

Suddenly at a loss for words, he said, “Won’t you come out for some fresh air?”

Outside the lobby, Han drew in the cigarette smoke deeply.

“Huuuuu...”

A curl of white smoke disappeared into the night sky.

Suhyuk drank the coke in a big gulp.

Han watched him with a curious look.

“Don’t you feel your throat sting?”

The carbon dioxide tickling the esophagus and the coolness of it passed on, Suhyuk felt good about it.

“You look very tired, sir...”

Yes, Han looked almost like a patient, with bloodshot eyes from a fatigue.

“When a doctor like me who was performing the surgery is in such a bad shape after, the patient whose abdomen was opened for surgery must be worse than him.”

Suhyuk nodded. Han’s remarks were in line with what he usually felt about patients.

“Which department did you decide on?”

“Thoracic surgery department, sir.”

Han, gazing up at the night sky, then looked at him and asked, “Who’s the chief?”

“Mr. Kang Mingyu, sir.”

Soon Han smiled. Kang was a resident under his care. Then, Suhyuk would also be under his care.

“My service to you, sir.”

With a smile, Han said, “You’ll go through lots of hardship for one month.”

That meant he could not sleep or eat properly working side by side with him.

“That’s what I’ve been looking forward to, sir.”



Getting up early in the morning, Suhyuk went out in a gown. He had a light breakfast with seaweed rolls and milk.

The surgery building.

As a resident he was walking toward it.

Then he heard some woman’s voice.

“Hello, sir!”

She was Binna.

With a chart on her chest, she, coming out of the patients’ room, bowed her head.

“Good morning!”

“Yes, it’s such nice weather today.”

Then Im's voice made him turn his head.

"Lee Suhyuk, what're you doing over there?"

"See you next time then."

With a light greeting, he began to move.

Though she felt it a bit regretful that she could not see him for a bit longer, she had lots of chances to see him because he was working at the thoracic surgery department.

"Good morning, sir."

At his greeting, Im nodded his head, and said, "As I told you yesterday, we're making the rounds with the professor."

Kang Mingyu was beside them.

"Let's go."

Prof. Han joined them in no time at all.

"Give me the chart," said Han to Kang.

Looking over the chart quietly, Han went into a patient's room.

There, the patient Park Jinhyun, who was lying in bed, was the one who had a surgery because of a car accident yesterday.

"Good morning. I don't see your guardian."

"Oh, she went out to the restroom."

With a good smile Han asked, "How do you feel now? Do you feel uncomfortable or pain anywhere?"

"Well, I feel the surgery area sort of tingles a bit."

Nodding his head, Han patted him on the shoulder.

"Of course it hurts, as I was the one who sewed your flesh."

Park smiled when he said that jokingly.

"The surgery did go well, as planned, and your condition is very good in my opinion.

After a few more days of hospitalization, please tell them that you want to get discharged, if you want. And tell us if you feel anything uncomfortable.”

Han and his residents went out of the patient’s room to see other patients.

Suddenly Han spoke to Suhyuk who he was walking side by side to.

“Do you know what’s the most dangerous thing for a patient who had an accident?”

Kang said first, “I think organ damage is the most dangerous.”

Han stopped walking and looked at Im, asking, “What do you think?”

Whenever he made his rounds, he would always ask that kind of question for the purpose of teaching.

“Well...” Im hesitated a bit, but it was only for a brief moment.

“Brain damage seems like the most...”

Nodding his head, Han opened his mouth, “You’re right. But there is one more important thing for a wounded patient to survive.”

“What do you think, Suhyuk?”

“Bleeding and fight against inflammation, I think.”

Hearing his reply, Han turned back and began to move.

He wondered what kind of doctor he would be over time.

‘Daehan Hospital would be in for big, big news.’

Yes, that would be a sure thing.

Their round visits lasted an hour, and the condition of the patients’ were all good.

“Any uncomfortable feeling?”

Suhyuk quietly looked at Prof. Han who was looking over the patient with such kind words.

And one thing came to his mind out of the blue.

‘I want to be a doctor like him.’

It looked as if the professor was treating the patient with his words alone.

The patients who were talking with the professor were beaming brightly as if they forgot their pain.



Finally, they could finish the round visits after checking the last patient.

Ha pressed the button on the elevator to head for his office.

He turned his head light to one side, where Suhyuk was turning over a chart.

'A genuine doctor will appear soon.'

Chapter 90

Suhyuk moved just as he was instructed to by Im Gyungso.

Starting with accepting a patient with a call from the emergency room, he took on various chores such as disinfection and dressing. He also had to monitor a patient's condition.

Whether morning or night, he did not take his eyes off the patient.

2am.

Suhyuk turned over a chart in front of a patient's room.

21 years old. Oh Gilsu.

While he was riding on a bicycle, he had his chest hit by a hydrant.

He underwent a surgery as soon as he was admitted as a patient during lunch time.

Liver laceration.

The liver is the largest organ in the abdominal cavity and the most vulnerable organ of the abdomen when it comes to receiving external shocks. Besides, liver damage also caused the highest rate of death from damage caused to organs.

Entering the surgery room quietly, Suhyuk thought he was lucky.

For the patient was able to get surgery immediately, and not only that, but he also received the help of Prof. Han Myungjin.

Suhyuk was silently looking at the monitor that checked the condition of the patient, and then he smiled. The condition of the patient who had hepatectomy surgery was good.

At that moment, he heard something.

"Am I going to be okay?"

The patient who seemed to be asleep opened his eyes.

“Is there anywhere that you feel uncomfortable?”

“It hurts.”

Suhyuk came closer to him.

“Where does it hurt?”

“I feel a twinge from that surgery area.”

Suhyuk let out a sigh of relief.

“It’s just natural for you to feel that kind of pain because you just had an operation. You will feel better tomorrow morning, and you don’t have to worry. The surgery was done well.”

Though he did not observe the operation, the record and chart of the patient’s surgery showed every information that there was. Plus the current condition of that patient all indicated good signs.

The patient nodded his head, saying, “Thanks.”

Without saying anything, Suhyuk pulled up the blanket to cover the patient’s chest.

“Good night.”

With a smile, he left the patient’s room.

At that moment a nurse going around the hospital tilted her head.

“Did he get any instructions from the chief doctor? He works very hard.”

The residents in their first year usually follows a senior resident for further clinical knowledge, because they could make a mistake.

The nurse entering into a patient’s room left the place soon to check the patient’s condition.

There was one thing she did not know, though. Suhyuk already had checked out all the patients’ conditions without anybody’s direction. Suhyuk continued to carry out the job until late into the night.



The morning was coming, and Suhyuk woke up at his lodging.

It was 6am. Did he sleep three hours?

Getting up from the bed, he washed and then went out. He had a light breakfast as always.

Arriving at the surgery department building, he made the rounds of the patients' rooms.

Some of the patients recognized Suhyuk, and others did not.

"Good morning, sir!"

"Good morning."

A patient handed a beverage to him.

"I had a surgery on my abdomen, but feel a twinge in my legs."

Suhyuk nodded, saying, "Does it hurt very much?"

"No, but I feel I didn't sleep well..."

"It's because of the nerve connected down there. You'll be alright in a while. If you continue to feel pain, let us know."

Suhyuk continued making the rounds, and when the official working time started, he went to see Im Gyungso.

"Good morning!"

"Didn't you sleep well? I made sure you left early after finishing the work, right?"

"Well, I couldn't sleep," replied Suhyuk with a smile.

Shaking his head, Im opened his mouth, checking the chart, "Take good care of yourself. Though this is the place we see and treat the patients, nobody takes care of us taking care of them."

At that moment he got a call. It was from the emergency room.

“Oh my god! I have a patient even in the early morning.”

Saying that, he looked at Suhyuk.

“Go down to the emergency room. I wonder what’s wrong...”

“Yes, sir.”

Suhyuk headed for the elevator right away.



Oh Byungchul looked a bit surprised, because Suhyuk came to the emergency room.

Suddenly he realized that he called the surgeon department.

“Oh, I see it’s you who has come here.”

“Where is the patient?”

“He’s not yet in here.”

Suhyuk made a perplexed expression.

“I just got a call from the 119 rescue crew. A worker fell down at the construction site, with heavy bleeding from his legs. And bleeding inside his abdomen is also suspected.”

Suhyuk nodded. Bleeding from his legs was not the issue.

Suspected bleeding inside his abdomen was the issue. Stopping bleeding by all means could save his life.

Then the door of the emergency room flung open. Carrying the patient on a stretcher, the rescue crew came into the room quickly. They shouted, lying him on the bed, “The patient doesn’t show any signs of consciousness.”

“Which floor did he fall from?” Suhyuk, who approached the patient immediately, asked, while checking over the patient.

“He fell from the 5th floor.”

Suhyuk let out a sigh before he knew it.

Certainly at such a high place, no one could fall safely to the ground.

Suhyuk looked at the patient's legs.

The bandages that must have been white in color were already wet with blood, which began to drop off. Suhyuk lifted his jacket and found blood here and there on his bruised skin.

That was not important, though.

His whole abdomen was bruised black as a result of quite a strong shock.

Suhyuk was about to call the severe injury center, when he then changed his mind, because he recalled Prof. Han Myungjin. The image of him carrying a patient through a helicopter and performing the surgery. He was doing the dual role like that.

Sometimes doctors were out to help when those at other departments were short staffed or in an emergency situation.

Suhyuk did not agonize that long over what to do. He called Prof. Han directly.

The fact that he called Prof. Han of the thoracic surgery, and because the patient was struck with serious injury, meant he needed the professor's help.

"Prof. Han, we have a patient here who fell from the 5th floor. He has no consciousness, with heavy bleeding from his legs. Bleeding is expected from his abdomen, too."

"I'm just around the corner now. Wait!"

The phone was hung up, and Suhyuk approached the patient quickly.

It seemed he needed blood transfusions because of heavy bleeding from his legs.

"Please check his blood type."

At Suhyuk's words the nurse moved quickly.

Then Prof. Han came in, opening the door of the emergency room.

He frowned his face, looking at the patient.

"Why is he bleeding like that from his legs? Where is his guardian?"

Suhyuk shook his head. Then a man in his mid-50s came up to them.

He was the chief of the construction sight working with the patient at the scene.

“His guardian is on the way here now.”



The patient was lying on the stretcher with a bottle of fluid and blood packs hanging over him.

In the resuscitation room he received all sorts of tests.

Fixing his eyes on the monitor checking the patient's condition, Prof. Han knitted his brows.

“Completely broken...”

The patient's legs were all busted up.

Now he could see the outcomes of his MRI and X-ray shots, which showed the patient's condition was much worse than first thought. His abdomen was full of blood.

That indicated, as expected, that his organs were severely damaged.

Then a nurse approached them, with a chart.

“Prof. Han, he seems to have a terminal liver cancer...”

Han was handed the chart from her, and Suhyuk breathed out a sigh, looking at the patient's abdomen.

“Six months?”

Han murmured. It was written like that on his medical record.

Even in such a serious condition, he chose to go out for manual work?

“His guardian just got here.”

Han nodded his head. The timing was perfect.

They were about to begin the surgery even without the guardian's consent.

Han turned to Suhyuk, while the other medical staff were checking the patient's condition.

“Mr. Lee, go and get the guardian's consent, and come back right into the operation

room.”



“Where am I?” asked a woman in her early 40s.

She was hold her child’s hands tightly as if she were scared.

“It’s the hospital. They say Dad was hurt.”

The child holding her mom was 12 years old at the most.

With tears in her eyes, she was soothing her mom who looked around with a frightened expression.

“Hwajung, let’s go home. Please, let’s go home.”

At her repeated pressing, Hwajung shed pent-up tears.

“*Boohoo...* I told you Dad was hurt. He would be scared if we’re leaving now.”

“I want to go home! Let’s go home, honey?”

“Mom, please...”

At that moment , Lee Suhyuk appeared.

“Are you Mr. Lee Jinhan’s guardian?”

“Where is my Dad now?”

At Hwajung’s asking, he smiled bitterly and said, “He’s at the resuscitation room now.”

His physical condition was too bad. His blood pressure skydived to 60mmhg.

He needed to get better in the resuscitation room before undergoing the surgery.

“Hwajung, I want to go home now!”

At her voice, Suhyuk turned to her speaking like a child.

‘Does she have a mental disability?’

“Mom! I told you repeatedly he was sick. Please don’t do this...”

Suhyuk let out a deep sigh at their conversation.

The patient's wife had a mental disability while her daughter was an elementary school girl.

Did they know that he had a terminal liver cancer.

How could he move from one construction place to another with that extremely severe physical condition?

"What's your name?"

"I'm Hwajung, Lee Hwajung."

"You've got a very beautiful name. Your father needs to get surgery right now..."

Tears ran down her cheeks when she heard that.

"Was he hurt so much?"

Suhyuk went down on his knee and wiped her tears with his right thumb.

"Your mom needs to sign the consent form if your father is to get the surgery."

Hwajung nodded her head, and turned to her mom, "Mom, you need to consent to the surgery, so daddy can get better."

Suhyuk handed out the consent form. "You can sign it here."

She stepped back. Though she was a middle-aged woman, she just got frightened at the sight of Suhyuk wearing a doctor's gown.

"Let me go home."

Suhyuk smiled a bit, "You've got a very beautiful daughter."

Suhyuk presented the form and a pencil to Hwajung.

"Can you get her signature? She can sign here."

Hwajung nodded, "Mom, sign here..."

It was done immediately, and Suhyuk confirmed it.

"It might be a very dangerous surgery..." Suhyuk swallowed what he was trying to say.

Yes, it was going to be a really dangerous surgery.

With a terminal liver cancer, and with the patient's organs were severely damaged, he could die in the middle of the surgery. The possibility was high.

Nonetheless, Suhyuk did not say anything about it.

"Just wait here a bit."

Hwajung nodded her head, and Suhyuk looked at the patient's wife silently, saying, "We'll do our best, guardian."

His white gown fluttered in the air.

'Yeah, I'll save his life by all means.'

Chapter 91

Han Myungjin was washing his forearms with a cleaning brush, when Suhyuk came in.

“I’ve got the surgery consent form.”

“We’ll begin the surgery right now, so wash quickly.”

Suhyuk began to disinfect his hands, and closed his eyes.

“What are you thinking?”

“I’m thinking how to save the patient, sir.”

Han shook his head because Suhyuk was acting as if he was a surgeon performing the surgery.

A resident in the first year was supposed to do only the job of an assistant in the operating room.

However, Han did not say anything about it to him.

“Do you think the patient can open his eyes?” asked Han.

Washing his fingers hard, he replied, “I’m not sure. Oh, actually yes, I think he can. Because his family is waiting outside for him.”

Han, wearing an operating gown, shook his head from side-to-side a bit. It’s the first time he heard a doctor saying something like that. Other doctors would have made a stochastic judgement on his question, citing all kinds of medical terms. Probably they would say he had no probability of opening his eyes.

Suhyuk, now in an operating gown, said, “Let’s go.”

The sound of the monitor checking the patient’s condition began to vibrate.

Han, moving to the operating bed, said to Suhyuk, “Stick with me.”

The medical staff were surprised. This was an emergency situation, with the outcome of the surgery already presumed to be very bad.

In an important surgery like this, Han was ready to give Suhyuk an assistant's role.

But nobody dared take an issue with that because it was Han's decision.

"Give me the scalpel. We'll open up the patient's abdomen right away," said Han, with a deep breath.

In just a moment, the patient's belly was swollen like a watermelon.

That meant bleeding was continuing inside his abdomen.

Han said, putting the scalpel to the patient's abdomen, "Get ready, as we will search for the damaged organs after blood suction."

In no time, the scalpel pierced his belly. It was pierced, not opened up.

Then blood was gushing from inside as a result of the high pressure inside his belly.

Drops of blood scattered onto the medical staff's gowns.

Then Suhyuk began to move, pressing the patient's belly slowly.

The blood was gushing out more and more.

"What the hell are you doing, man!"

Someone with a mask shouted at him.

"The pressure is very high. If we open it up in this condition, we're going to see a blood pool all around us."

Actually, if blood was gushing out at such a high pressure, the organs pushed by pressure of the blood would most likely burst out, which could then lead to damaging the blood vessels and nerves connecting the organs.

The resident who shouted at Suhyuk once again said, "What are you doing in front of Prof. Han...?"

"He's doing a good job," said Han, cutting off his remarks, and he looked at the blood pack. He could not figure out how many packs were used already.

The patient was being furnished with blood continuously, but it was gushing out from his damaged organs. Almost half of the patient's blood was replaced.

“I think we can open up his belly now.”

The medical staff knitted their brows at Suhyuk’s words.

They did not like him because he was trying to intervene in the surgery.

But Han took a different view of him.

“Okay, we’re opening it up now.”

Han moved the scalpel, saying, “Suction the blood quickly.”

At the professor’s instruction, the assistants put the suction device into the belly.

Then, Suhyuk turned around and grabbed something.

It was a metal bowl for soup, and he put into it some wash liquid contained in a big water basin.

The nurse volunteered to do it, but Suhyuk was already doing it.

“Let me start Irrigation,” said Suhyuk.

Without getting consent from Prof. Han, he poured water liquid into the patient’s belly.

The medical staff were just aghast at Suhyuk’s reckless act, but Suhyuk just kept pouring water liquid, not caring about them at all.

‘I’ve got to finish it as soon as possible.’

The longer it takes and if a minute or a second passes without action, the more trouble the patient will run into.

He was a terminal cancer patient.

Even before he fell, he must have felt a great pain, and now he was bleeding a lot, to make matters worse.

“What are you doing?” Han was shouting at someone, but Suhyuk was not his target.

The medical staff, with frozen faces, were staring at Suhyuk.

“Put the suction device at the right place!”

Though Han usually tried to speak using an honorific tone in the operating room, he

did not do so this time.

It was an urgent and dangerous surgery.

The medical staff, who had become like stone statues, instantly came around.

With the noisy sound of blood suctioning, the suction device absorbed the washing fluid mixed with the blood. At that moment their eyes became wider.

“We need more wash fluid.”

Suhyuk put down the vessel, and poured in the whole wash fluid contained in a large container.

Han’s heart began to pound. *‘Ok, that’s what I want!’*

Boldness. One could show it only when one was clearly aware of the patient’s condition.

Suhyuk’s boldness was just that.

The medical staff, without saying anything, just focused on their own job.

He cleaned the wash fluid from the overflowed belly, and changed blood packs several times.

They wanted to yell some harsh words at the novice resident Suhyuk, but could not.

Right beside him, Prof. Han was nodding his head.

Soon it became clean inside the belly, but blood was still oozing out.

“Huuuuuuuh...”

Suhyuk let out a short sigh and looked at Han.

“Can I look for it, sir?”

He was asking if he could search for the damaged organ.

“Can you do it?”

“Yes, I have done it many, many times.”

When the medical staff looked aghast, Suhyuk moved his hands.

Whenever he moved his hands, there was something oozing inside the belly.

In all of the patient's organs, cancer cells bloomed like molds of white.

In addition, the swollen organs were tangled like one from the beginning.

So, one could not touch them carelessly because even a wrong touch would cause the cancer cell mass to break with bleeding.

But Suhyuk did not blink at all, and asked the patient silently, *'Uncle, please tell me. Where is the damaged organ?'*

As expected, the liver and stomach were normal. It was the same with other organs.

'Please hold my hand and stand up. Let me know.'

Then the blood was again filling the abdomen.

Suhyuk held out one of his hands, saying "Irrigation."

Though it was urgent, it was a natural act.

When Han gave him wash fluid, Suhyuk poured it into the belly.

He repeated it several times, with the medical staff staring at him with wide eyes.

'Yea, that's what I want.' Han was shouting to himself in his heart.

For Suhyuk was doing what he had thought was right, and he did it without any hesitation.

Finally, Suhyuk poked through the organs and lifted up the stomach.

Then, the organ hidden inside began to appear.

"He's bleeding from the spleen. We had better take it out."

"Are you sure?"

Suhyuk nodded his head at his asking.

"Please trust me. Other organs are normal."

"Step back!"

When Han said that, he moved back and quietly looked at the patient with his eyes closed.

‘Thanks. I found it easily, as you let me know.’

Of course it was impossible for the patient with no consciousness to tell him about it, but Suhyuk thought he could find it because the patient tipped him off.

On a metal tray a reddish spleen as big as a palm was dropped.

It was removed just like that.

Lots of blood was coming out of the belly.

The medical staff squeezed out the blood packs hung over the patient.

Han’s hand also moved all the more quickly, because speed mattered in the surgery.

“Professor Han, the patient’s blood pressure is going up.”

His blood pressure, which was nosediving continuously before, began to go up little by little.

That meant they finished sewing the area where the spleen was located.

Taking a deep breath, Han directed the medical staff, “Please finish it up well.”

Lifting up his loupe, Han turned his head to Suhyuk, who had been looking at the patient quietly.

It was a strange sight.

Resident Suhyuk showed much more surprising dexterity than he expected.



The medical staff stopped the bleeding coming from the patient’s broken legs completely.

It seemed that the patient could not bear it if they did not do something about his legs.

So, the patient was carried into an intensive care unit.

Suhyuk quietly fixed his eyes on the patient’s monitor.

The patient's condition was unstable. With terminal liver cancer, he had a difficult surgery.

There was nothing unusual even if his vital signs would point to the worst.

The patient probably used up all his physical strength while undergoing the surgery.

"Please bring his guardian."

At Han's direction, Suhyuk grabbed disinfected gauzes and wiped out whatever blood there was on the patient's body. Then he moved out to bring in the guardian.

Looking at him, the medical staff thought to themselves, "Who the hell is this guy?"

His act in the operating room was quick, neat and accurate.

He imparted an impression as if he was a professor specializing in patients with heavy injuries.

"When you see patients in the future, just run around, okay?"

Han opened his mouth, looking at the medical staff in the eye one by one.

Even with a patient dying before them, they were preparing for the operation casually walking around, as if they were doing office work.

"Yes, sir!" they replied.

"I'll keep an eye on you."

"Yes, sir!"

Han shook his head. Even though they wanted to be a doctor as a means of making money, their slow moving was something he really did not like.

Suhyuk came into the intensive care unit with the patient's guardian.

Han could figure out why Suhyuk wiped off blood from the patient's body.

It was too much for the woman with a mental disability and her daughter to accept the situation.

Han thought Suhyuk made sure they would not be surprised as much as possible.

“Uh? Uh?”

Finding her husband in bed, she opened her eyes wider.

“Boohoo... Daddy...!”

They could not approach the patient easily because of his unusual appearance.

Han, letting out a sigh, rubbed his face.

‘How can I explain to them?’

Then, Suhyuk opened his mouth, angled towards her eyes, “Your daddy is in a lot of pain right now, so I think he can muster up his strength if you hold his hands.”

The child, nodding her head, came up to him.

She found her father’s face swollen a lot. How come his skin was so yellow?

It was all strange and scary.

“Boohoo... Daddy, please wake up.”

The child cautiously held her father’s hand, which she felt rather hard.

Suhyuk looked at the patient’s wife, when she stepped back as if she was scared.

Suhyuk smiled at her, “Right now Mr Lee Jinhan is pretending to be sleeping. So, wake him up, so you can go home together.”

Avoiding Suhyuk a bit, she went up to her husband and shook his hands, “Honey, wake up now. Let’s go home, I’m scared here.”

Suhyuk looked at the family and said to the patient, “Don’t just lie in bed like that. Please open your eyes!”

Then, the patient opened his mouth, “I’m okay... Daddy is fine...”

With his eyes closed, he was murmuring.

Chapter 92

The patient opened his eyes slowly.

The pure white fluorescent light was dazzling to his eyes.

'By the way, where am I now?'

He felt fuzzy. The moment he lost his footing at the construction site, he fell down, and immediately lost consciousness.

He felt pain on his legs and abdomen.

"Are you okay, daddy?"

He nodded at his daughter's asking.

"Yes, I'm okay, Hwajung."

"Honey! Let's go home. I'm scared here."

He was slowly turning his head to his wife this time.

"Okay, let's go back home."

Then Prof. Han came to him, with Suhyuk standing next to him.

"Where do you think you are? What's your name?"

"A hospital. My name is Lee Jinhan."

Han continued to check the patient's condition.

"Does it hurt a lot?" Suhyuk asked.

Though he was administered lots of analgesics, he was still feeling pain because of too much damage to his body.

"Well, I can stand it..." said the patient.

Looking at his wife and daughter, he made a faint smile.

It was so fortunate that he survived. Yes, it was.

“Honey, stop sleeping and let’s go home!”

‘No, I can’t die like this with a wife like this left behind. ‘

“Boohoo... Daddy. Does it hurt a lot?”

‘Yes, I have to survive until Hwajung goes to middle school.’

“Let me keep an eye on him, sir,” said Suyuk to Prof. Han.

Nodding his head, Han said, “Ok, Report to me about his condition from time to time.”

Han and his medical staff left the intensive unit room.



Though the vital signs of the patient was unstable, it did not get any worse.

2am. Looking at the monitor quietly, Suhyuk looked at the patient’s family members sleeping next to him. His wife was asleep like a log, and his daughter fell into sleep with tears all over her face.

They were holding the patient’s hands, so he could not go anywhere.

Then, some sort of voice came into Suhyuk’s ear.

“I feel the pain on my legs getting more severe.”

“Let me administer more painkillers then.”

That’s all Suhyuk could do for him.

He could not do anything about the patient’s legs because he could not bear it in his current condition.

Putting a needle through an IV pack, Suhyuk turned his eyes to the patient looking at the ceiling.

“You’ll feel better a bit later.”

“Thanks...”

At that moment, the monitor showing the patient's condition, was sounding off with a noisy alarm.

"Open your eyes!"

When Suhyuk checked the pupil in his closed eyes, there was no reaction.

A sharp sound of the machine was piercing into Suhyuk's ear.

Heart arrest. His heart stopped.

"Oh my god!"

When the nurses passing by were stunned, Suhyuk put the crash cart on his heart, with an electric shocker.

When the fully charged electric shocker was put on the patient's heart, his body went up and down, with Suhyuk checking the monitor. No response.

"Wake up!"

The patient did not move at all with his eyes still closed, as if he could not hear anything.

"Don't die! You should wake up!"

At the sound of the patient's bed moving up and down, his wife and daughter also woke up.

They started crying, shouting, "Daddy! Please don't die!"

Beep... Beep...

"Huuuuuuuh..."

Suhyuk wiped off the beads of sweats from his forehead. He barely managed to revive his heart.

As a result of the electric shock, his heart was back to beating.

Suhyuk thought about it for a moment.

His heart beat again thanks to his wife and daughter's shouting, that was certain.



One week passed like an arrow.

Prof. Han touched the patient's legs cautiously.

Surgery of his legs, though done in an unusual situation, did go well, fortunately.

And the patient also put up with it well. The surgery was done because he wanted it anyway.

He said he wanted to get discharged as soon as possible.

With his daughter in his bed, the patient smiled.

Nodding his head while looking at his legs, Han opened his mouth, "How do you feel now?"

"I feel much better, sir."

Suhyuk smiled bitterly at his words.

Over time his skin became yellow, and he would feel fuzzy because a lot of painkillers were administered.

"Honey, honey," said his wife.

His wife tapped his belly lightly, was saying, "You have a baby here?"

His abdomen was swollen high like a pregnant woman.

"It's because I ate a lot."

"Stop eating any more food. You're going to be a pig if you eat like that!"

At his wife's words, he nodded his head.



Another week passed.

"I'd like to get discharged," said the patient.

Han and Suhyuk could not say anything.

His condition was such that they could not do anything about it.

Suhyuk said first, "Okay, you can get discharged tomorrow."

"I wonder how much the bill is..."

The patient's face became dark with bitterness.

Han tilted his head.

"Did anybody from the insurance company come here?"

"According to the nurse, there are some items not covered by insurance."

"I can't believe that. The treatment you received is all covered by insurance. Looks like the nurse was mistaken."

The patient nodded his head. How fortunate he was...

"Okay, have a good night then."

Han and Suhyuk went out of the patient's room.

Suhyuk said, "Why did you say that, sir?"

Walking through the hallway, Han turned his head, saying, "I want to use my own money in my own way. Any problem with that?"

Suhyuk smiled at his words, shaking his head.

"No, sir"

The more he got to know about Han, the more respect he felt for him.

He just cared only about the patients.

From the moment the patient was taken into the hospital, Suhyuk had never seen Prof. Han taking a rest. He was even seen sleeping in the patient's room.

"Take a break. It's my order as your supervisor," said Han.

Then Han left the place to see other patients.

Suhyuk stood up and called somewhere.

“Thanks, crispy chicken please. Two chicken, one for an adults’ taste preferences and the other one for children, please.”

“Ok. Where do I deliver?”

“Daehan Hospital, please.”



“Wow!”

The patient’s wife, shaking her legs while seated on his bed, cried with joy.

The Chicken and pizza that Suhyuk ordered was delivered.

“Oh my god! I’m so...”

The patient made an expression as if he was sorry.

“Actually I wanted to eat chicken and pizza, but it was too much for me to eat alone.

So, please share it with me, if you can.”

On the table were pizza, chicken and soft drinks.

She swallowed her saliva when Suhyuk offered her a chicken leg.

“Please try it. Hwajung, you, too!”

Being handed chicken legs, they swallowed their saliva.

And then Hwajung said, “Daddy, try it!”

Suhyuk let out a sigh, while the patient smiled pleasantly.

“Look at my belly. I can’t eat because I’m full.”

“Please have just one bite.”

At her daughter’s insistence, he took the chicken leg with a smile.

Holding a slice of pizza, Suhyuk looked at them with bitterness.

They looked happy, though.

Staying all night awake while monitoring the patient, Suhyuk went out only in the morning.

Then he came back to the patient's room and offered a paper bag.

"Thanks."

There were a lot of syringes inside the bag.

"You remember what I said, right?"

And Suhyuk gave him another paper bag.

"I'm sure it will help you, but when you can't bear it, please visit the hospital."

It was medicine mixed with a very strong sedative and painkiller.

He packed the medicine after consultation with Prof. Han.

"You can use it for six months. When you use them up, come visit us.

Then I'll give you one year's worth of refills."

Smiling, the patient slowly nodded.

One year. He felt it was too short. Could he even live that long?

"Thanks..."

"Honey, let's go home quickly"

"Okay, let's go now."

With crutches, Lee Jinhan stood up.

When he was going out of the patient's room, Suhyuk grabbed Hwajung's hand, and angled his eyes towards hers.

"Take this..."

Suhyuk gave her several 10,000 won notes, saying, "Buy some delicious food."

Lee opened his eyes wider.

"Please don't do that. It will ruin her manners."

Suhyuk smiled, and then said, “You can teach her about manners right beside her for a long, long time.”

Then Suhyuk escorted him to the hospital lobby to help him get discharged.

“Thank you, sir.”

When the patient said goodbye, bowing his head at the main gate of the hospital, Suhyuk did not reply with anything. There was nothing he did for the patient. He felt he just looked on at the patient like a fool.

Lee Jinhan stroked his daughter’s hair, and told her, “Show your manners and say ‘Thank you.’”

Hwajung opened her mouth, and said, “Thank you, doctor!”

Her mother repeated after her daughter, and so did Suhyuk a reply in response.

‘Sorry, really sorry... I’m sorry to let you go like this.’

There was someone watching Suhyuk engaging with them.

In the professor’s office, through the window Prof. Han murmured while watching him, *‘Yes, that is how a doctor is supposed to behave.’*



“Daddy, you feel great as you go home now, right?”

He nodded at Hwajung’s words while waiting for the bus.

“Yes, I feel so good.”

Humming a song, holding her father’s hand, Hwajung suddenly searched her pocket, and she found and opened a note Suhyuk gave her.

<Who treats a sick person? Here’s my phone number 010-73... >

Chapter 93

It was 7pm.

Suhyuk was sitting in Prof. Han's office.

"Would you like some coffee?"

"No thanks, sir."

Looking at Suhyuk, Han stirred the coffee inside a paper cup.

And he sat, face to face with Suhyuk.

"Do you have any concerns? You don't look so good."

Fixing his eyes on the table, Suhyuk replied shortly, "No, sir."

Taking the coffee to his lips, Han looked at him.

Just like a stone statue, who just showed indifference to his fellow medical staff, there was no change in his expression.

However, his face varied whenever he met with patients, as if he was a different person.

Sipping coffee, Han said to him suddenly, "A doctor is not God."

Suhyuk made a curious expression, not being able to figure out what he meant.

With a smile, Prof. Han took the paper cup to his lips.

There was a brief moment of silence between them.

Then Han said, "Patient Lee Jinho. Well, we couldn't anything further for him."

His body had been already overtaken by cancer cells, so they could not treat him.

Just having him hospitalized at the hospital was like killing his remaining time.

That's why he did not try to have him, who said he wanted to get discharged, remain

any longer.

“So, don’t blame yourself,” said Han.

“If we were god, could we treat him?”

Han just smiled bitterly at his asking.

“Do you know what? There were more than twenty patients who died before my eyes. Do you know what I thought then?”

Suhyuk looked at him.

“When I first performed the surgery, I was just crazy when the patient’s condition got worse. Because it all looked like my fault. Then, one year, then two, passed and I came to pray like this: If there is a God out there, please let the patients open their eyes.”

Putting down the paper coffee cup, Han opened his mouth again, “Do you know what I think these days? I did my best, to the best of my ability. That’s what I did to patient Lee Jinho.”

Suhyuk nodded his head feebly.

“Did you ask me if God would have treated him?”

He was silently waiting for the professor’s reply.

“In my mind, there seemed to be no God. Because God never accepted my favor. Instead, the patient’s family was reflected in my eyes.”

Sometimes a patient who was about to die could regain his consciousness when he felt his family’s dedicated caring, and some patient’s heart began to beat miraculously when he heard the family’s voice. That was unexplainable in the medical world. It was just a miracle.

“The strength of the family took God’s place, is what I thought.”

Listening to him quietly, Suhyuk rose from his seat, saying, “Let me take my leave, sir.”

“Okay, don’t go to the patient’s room. Go straight home and have some rest. Let me inform them, so just go home. Okay?”

Suhyuk just bowed his head at his words.

“Reply to me! Take a break today, okay?”

“Yes, sir,” said Suhyuk reluctantly.

Only then did Han make a satisfied expression.

Suhyuk turned around and headed toward the door. Today he looked unusually feeble.

Looking at him, Han murmured, *‘He’ll have to realise it someday.’*

Namely that, he could not save all the patients’ lives.



As directed by Han, Suhyuk headed back to his lodging.

On the way, he felt eager to go back to the hospital wards, and could barely suppress that desire. For he noticed a text message from Prof. Han: <Take a rest> which finally convinced him to take a rest

Standing before a mirror, he looked at himself, and also looked down at his empty hands.

A sense of helplessness.

There were many who died at Daehan Hospital, but it was the first time he met such a patient who was knocking on death’s door.

“Huuuuuh.....”

Taking a deep breath, he lay on the bed.

Patient Lee Jinhan. What’s he doing now? Is he happy or unhappy?

Maybe he must be happy because his smile was genuine when he looked at his wife and daughter.

He was a wonderful man, who put up with the open surgery as well as the surgery that required planting a metal pin in his legs. He went back home with a smile.

What made him mentally strong like that?

Suddenly Prof. Han’s remarks came to his mind.

Though there was no God, he had a family.

Suhyuk opened his closed eyes slowly, and touched his cell phone.

Suddenly he wanted to hear his family's voice.

"Oh, son. How come you are calling me at this time? Aren't you busy now?"

"No, I'm fine. Did you eat Mom?"

"Of course, it's well past dinner time. How about you, son?"

"I did. Is daddy in?"

"Oh, he's sleeping now after he had some drinks during the day."

Suhyuk nodded his head slowly. His father sometimes would have drinks with his friends when he had no work to do.

"Mom, please come and visit for a medical check-up one of these days."

"Me and your father aren't sick at all. How about you? I saw on TV that doctors are so busy. Do you eat regularly?"

He just felt good whenever he heard his mother's voice.

What bothered him a bit was that she's just concerned about him, not herself.

"Yes, Mom. I got fat these days thanks to good food. I'm also working tactfully.

Please come to the hospital with father one of these days."

"I'm afraid we're obstructing you because you're busy..."

"No, mom. Please don't fail to stop by."

Though he could not make them live in luxury right now, he wanted to take care of their health.

Aside from him being their son, he was a doctor.

"Sure, son. Will do. I could live high on the hog thanks to my doctor son!"

He felt as if her warm voice was creeping into his heart.

Though it was what he had to do as a son, his parents still felt so thankful to him.

Lee Jinhan would have felt the same thing for his family.

“Okay, let me know when you will come here, so I can make a reservation.”

“Sure, let me talk to your father, so we can adjust our schedule to visit you.”

They talked like that for a few more minutes.

Mostly his mother was on the talking side.

After the phone call, Suhyuk thought about things for a little while, eyes closed.

‘When can I relieve them of any concern about me? Even if I’m okay, they still keep so many concerns about me.’

And that’s the heart of the parents who have children.

Suhyuk could feel it distantly after having watched Lee Jinhan.

It was getting dark, with the hand of the clock pointing to 9pm.

Out of dozing off and exhaustion, Suhyuk fell into sleep.



It was all white around him.

When Suhyuk was looking around, he heard someone walking toward him in the distance.

The identity of the man, veiled by some white light mass, began to show itself slowly.

It was a human being that looked just like him.

Soon the guy, coming close up to him, smiled and opened his mouth, “Long time, no see.”

“Who are you?”

The guy put his hand on his forehead at his asking.

“You really don’t know who I am?”

The guy circled around Suhyuk as if he was appreciating his body.

“It’s a dream...”

Hearing Suhyuk murmuring, the guy stopped and turned his head to him.

“It’s half true, half false.”

And the guy came up to Suhyuk, saying something into his ear, “You killed patient Lee Jinhan.”

Suhyuk’s black pupils trembled a lot.

“His condition was something I could not do anything about.”

“You’re making an excuse even if you didn’t make any attempt to save him. You’re not a doctor, but a murderer who just looked on.”

‘Am I a murderer?’

Suhyuk knitted his brows.

“What did you think when Lee Jinhan was getting discharged? You must have said “Good riddance! As if a troublesome patient has finally gone away.”

Suhyuk shook his head, and grabbed him by the collar.

“Don’t make any rash judgement if you don’t know anything about me!”

As if he was choked, he made a moan, but he was smiling, “Hey, let go of your hand, so I can talk.”

When Suhyuk let go of his throat, the guy touched his neck and shouted, “You murderer, son of a bitch!”

Then Suhyuk threw a punch at him, “I told you not to talk thoughtlessly like that!”

Squatting on the floor, the guy said, looking up at Suhyuk, “You could have treated him.”

Suhyuk shook his head slowly, answering, “No, I could not. What I could do was let him get discharged as soon as possible.”

Yes, so that he could spend time with his family for one more minute and one more second.

The guy just chuckled, and retorted, “Okay, let me give you the benefit of the doubt. What if another patient like Lee Jinhan came to you? What would you do, just looking on like you did to Lee last time?”

Suhyuk could not say anything.

Then the guy, with a smile, said, “Let me help you,” and reached out his hand.

“How can you can help me?”

Suhyuk was just looking at him blankly.

“Am I scary? Just hold my hands, that’s it. Not a big deal.”

Suhyuk held his hands silently.



A noisy alarm sound woke him up, but Suhyuk turned it off, eyes still closed.

And with a deep sigh, he rose from the bed.

Turning on the light he looked at himself in the mirror silently.

How much time passed?

Sweeping up his hair, he grabbed the pillow on the bed and threw it at his friend sleeping on the upper bed.

“Ooops! What’s this?”

When he woke up from bed, Suhyuk already went out.

After a light breakfast Suhyuk got on the elevator, and headed for the patients’ wards.

“Did you have a good break?” said Im Gyungso.

Turning over a chart, Suhyuk nodded slightly at his asking.

Then, Im made a frown because he felt Suhyuk was acting arrogant.

“What were you doing, sir?”

Im gave him a chart, saying, “The patient was taken to the hospital a moment ago, but

his condition is sort of confusing. He is now taking a CT and X-ray, so let's see what it shows us."

Suhyuk was looking into the chart containing a record on the doctor's conversation with the patient.

<Less acute sense, pain, swollen arm and discolored skin>

Suhyuk, making a frown, looked at Im, as if he was asking him why he could not diagnose this kind of symptom as a doctor.

"Isn't this thoracic outlet syndrome?" said Suhyuk.

Chapter 94

“What did you say?”

Im, not believing his ears, asked again because he felt Suhyuk became too arrogant just overnight.

“I told you that it’s thoracic outlet syndrome.”

“Are you sure? Are you confident?”

“Isn’t it too obvious? The patient has no particular wounds. It’s because his brachial plexus was pressed hard. He didn’t have this symptom without any reason.”

Im clenched his molar, but could not say anything.

Hearing him explain it, Im thought he was right.

The blood vessels and nerve bundles that descend down from the neck to the base of the neck meet the first rib and divide into two parts. At that point, the proximal part can be narrowed down by various causes, so that the thoracic outlet syndrome comes into contact with the bundle of the brachial nerve and the clavicle and blood vessels.

Why did he not think of such a disease?

His annoyance was surging in his mind. For he felt as if he had been humiliated in front of the first-year resident. He even felt Suhyuk was slighting him, though he continued to give him favor.

And Suhyuk could be wrong unless the actual results of the patient’s image shots were verified.

“Follow me!” With that order, Im walked to the imaging room.

The shots will clearly give the correct answer.

If this arrogant guy was wrong, Im was determined to give him a good scolding to the point of him feeling the urge to resign.

However, not only the X-ray but also the electromyography tests showed Suhyuk was

right.

As Suhyuk said, it was thoracic outlet syndrome.

When Im could not take his eyes off the monitor, with a frown, Suhyuk said to the patient who just finished taking the shots, "Looks like the pain is not so severe, and I don't think you have to undergo the surgery."

The patient looked in his early 30s.

"Can I get discharged, then?"

Suhyuk shook his head, replying, "You had better get some exercise or physical therapy and see how your condition goes from there."

Turning his head, Suhyuk looked at Im who was still looking at the monitor.

"What are you doing, sir?"

With a frozen face, he came up to Suhyuk and said, "you're right."

"Don't you think you should be aware of this as a doctor?"

The patient cast his eyes at Suhyuk.

Though he was using honorific language with him, it was as if a supervisor was talking down to his men. On the contrary, Im looked like he was being taught a lesson, though he was Suhyuk's senior.

Did he feel offended?

His face was frozen like a stone, and with an unnatural smile, Im told the patient, "Please follow me."

Then he talked to Suhyuk, "Make the rounds of the patients' rooms and check their condition."

Nodding his head, Suhyuk left the place.



Suhyuk continued to make the rounds, and every patient and their guardians asked him, "What's the matter with you today?"

His tone and expression today were not what they were used to seeing.

The soft smile and gentle face was gone, and he looked like a stone statue to them.

At their asking, Suhyuk just replied, "Nothing in particular. I'm feeling very good."

And he talked more than before about their upcoming treatment and cautions.

Though he explained in simple language, both the patients and their guardians had difficulties understanding what he said. On such occasions he kept explaining until they understood.

The lunch time was fast approaching.

"Go and have some lunch."

Suhyuk nodded when Im said that out of duty.

"Yes, sir."

Though he replied like that, Suhyuk was acting in the opposite.

He constantly took care of the patients without any break.

So a day passed like that, but Suhyuk did not get a wink of sleep.

Unaware of this, Im Gyungso assigned him more work as if he was determined to correct his arrogant attitude.

However, Suhyuk handled his work quickly as if he was sneering at Im.

And he went so far as to do what Im had not instructed him to do.

Thinking of it, Im called for Suhyuk.

"What's the matter, sir?"

Im made a frown, asking, "Why did you do those things when I didn't instruct you to?"

"The patient's abdomen was full of fluid, and had difficulty breathing, too. And as a result of the pressure inside his abdomen, there was some sign of rupture. By the way, you're the chief physician in charge of the patient, right? What did you do when the patient's condition was getting worse like that?"

At his sharp retort, Im could not say anything.

Why did he not call for the nurse when he knew the patient's abdomen was full of fluid?

After all, it was his fault.

"You should have informed me on it quickly. Why did you do it on your own?" asked Im.

"So, was there anything wrong with the patient?"

Suhyuk walked up to Im slowly, and opened up his mouth, "Why should I inform you? I should have taken urgent action because of the high pressure of the patient's abdomen. Don't you think you have to thank me?"

Im's eyelids wiggled. Then Suhyuk's cell phone buzzed.

Watching Im quietly, he answered the phone.

"Hello?"

"It's me, your brother. Let's have lunch together."

"I'm busy now."

He hung up the phone with those words.

His phone kept buzzing, but he did not answer it.

"I think I'm mistaken, though I've kept a favorable view of you," said Im.

Suhyuk showed a bitter smile.

With a smiling face, though, he quietly murmured into Im's ears, "Your damned sense of authority. You certainly would be counting your money even if a patient was dying before you."

After saying that, Suhyuk left the place.

Im was watching Suhyuk blankly, but soon hardened his face, shining his eyes.

"How are you, sir?" Binna said, with a dimple on her face.

It was Suhyuk she said hello to, not Im.

Suhyuk was just passing by with a curt answer.

At her voice, he turned his head slantly, "What's the matter?" asked he.

Her face, already in a blush, became more reddish.

"I'm on call today. Shall we have dinner if you are available this evening.

"Do you think I'm free enough to eat with you? If you think you are free, please go and check the patient's wards one more time."

Suhyuk disappeared, while Binna hugged the chart tightly to her heart.

Did she make any mistake at all?

'I think I have to apologize at his leisure.'

Then Suhyuk's cell phone buzzed.

Walking down the hall, he took out his phone and checked who called.

"What a happy-go-lucky guy..."

Checking the name Dongsu on the cell phone display, Suhyuk turned it off.

At that very moment Dongsu called him, "Hey, Lee Suhyuk!"

Waving his cell phone in the front, Dongsu was walking toward him.

As he did not answer the phone, Dongsu went to the trouble of meeting him like that.

Suhyuk said annoyingly, "I told you I'm busy, man."

"Aren't you glad to see me after such a long time?"

Dongsu smiled, patting him on the shoulder.

"Put away your hand, man. I'm busy."

"We finally met after such a long time. Don't be mean to me like that. You didn't eat lunch yet, right? Let me treat you this time."

It was certain that if he did not accept his favor, Dongsu would continue to harass him.

“Okay, let’s go to a nearby restaurant.”

‘Anyway I was done with the assignment Im gave me, and it’s lunch time now.’

“You should have acted nice like this from the beginning!” said Dongsu.



It was a solungtang (ox bone soup) house that the both visited for lunch.

Seated and arms folded, Dongsu looked at Suhyuk, asking, “What’s up?”

“Nothing in particular except for seeing patients.”

Dongsu scratched his cheek at his reply.

Given his weird attitude, it’s certain that something wrong had been going on...

Soon solungtang soup was put on their table. They ate it quietly.

Dongsu said something in the middle of eating, but Suhyuk just focused on eating.

As he had been hungry for the past few days, he rammed the food into his mouth.

Even though Dongsu did not realize it, Suhyuk ate only one meal since yesterday.

“Don’t they serve you food at the hospital? Eat slowly, man. You might have an upset stomach if you eat like that.”

After all, Dongsu, not eating half of it, put down his spoon.

“You don’t look good, man. Are you taking care of yourself while on duty?”

As he was so attentive to his patients, it’s possible he just skipped meals or did not sleep for several days. Suhyuk did not answer this time.

Dongsu then opened his mouth again, “Hey...”

Wiping his lips, Suhyuk rose from the seat, “Did you have it all? Let’s go out then.”

Fixing his eyes on him, Dongsu, now in some sort of pensive mode, nodded his head.

“Okay, let me foot the bill.”

Both of them went out of the solungtang house.

“Let’s have some coffee.”

At his words, Suhyuk looked at Dongsu as if he felt him pitiful.

“Even now when you’re free like this, there are crimes being committed at the moment, right?”

“It’s possible.”

Suhyuk made a frown, saying, “Our people can’t live in safety because of a prosecutor like you.”

Dongsu made a bitter smile, watching Suhyuk walking ahead, and murmured, “What a guy... he’s changed a lot...”

Dongsu caught up with him in no time, and said, “Looks like someone fell down over there.”

Suhyuk turned his head suddenly, asking, “Where is he?”

“See over there is the alley. Looks like he fell from the left stairs.”

Suhyuk rushed to the alley, but found nobody there.

Letting out a short breath, he turned back. Then, Dongsu was walking toward him.

“I don’t see him here!”

“Of course not, man. I lied!” said Dongsu.

When Suhyuk was about to say something, with a frown, Dongsu cut in right away, “Do you remember it? When I made a big fuss by saying I would not take the SAT, you came up to me and said, ‘a crazy guy must be beaten by a rod to make him come to senses.’”

The smile on Dongsu’s face disappeared instantly.

Suhyuk was out of his mind or he was no more the kind Suhyuk that he used to know.

“Bring back my friend, bastard!”

Dongsu was touching his own fist.

Chapter 95

When Dongsu hit him hard, Suhyuk's head was turned to the side.

He fell down to the ground, with his eyes reflecting a blue sky.

He felt his body aching here and there.

How long was he beaten for?

Despite such a beating, he felt his mind was getting clearer.

"Stand up, you son of a b*tch!"

Cracking his fingers, Dongsu was walking towards him.

"Hey, stop it, man."

Did he not hear Suhyuk's words?

He grabbed him by the collar, who was lying on the ground, and lifted him slowly.

"You must have lost your mind. Can you take care of patients like that? Before you see them, you had better take care of yourself first, or are you a crazy man?"

Dongsu punched him one more time.

Suhyuk's lips were blustered, and blood was running down from his nose.

"Stop it!" said Suhyuk.

"No, I'm not finished yet."

When he was throwing his fist, Suhyuk quickly pushed his head against his nose.

Covering his face with one hand, Dongsu moved back.

Suhyuk was stretched out on the ground.

The shining sunlight tingled his eyes, when Dongsu's voice suddenly came into his ears, "Do you remember what you had said to me before? 'If I behave weirdly, just beat

me to death.' That's what you said in the past."

As Dongsu pointed out, it was true that he had made such remarks to him.

When Suhyuk said that, he thought Dongsu had fallen asleep, completely drunk enough to forget what he said, but he did not forget it at all.

Suhyuk let out a long sigh.

Very occasionally, a weird guy appeared in his dreams.

Another self of him, perhaps the him from before he lost his memories.

Lee Jinhan walking with his family, and his urge to cure him. That made Lee open up his eyes.

'Stupid!' Suhyuk blamed himself.

Recalling the guy in his dream, he murmured, "When I see him again, let me completely get rid of him."

When he thought about it, he suddenly felt confident.

Now he felt that he could be in control of himself in any circumstances.

"You feel you were not beaten enough, right?"

Suddenly Dongsu came up to him to grab him by the collar, and met his eyes.

Suhyuk smiled, and so did Dongsu. Both sat against a wall.

"No matter how hard it is for you to lead a life with sensible mind, you should never lose your mind as a doctor who takes care of patients' lives."

Dongsu took out a cigarette and lit it.

Suhyuk pulled it out from his mouth, "It's time to stop smoking, man."

Dongsu looked at Suhyuk, saying, "Did it hurt a lot?"

"No, it felt great. Thanks!"

Shaking his head slowly, he reached out his hand.

"Yeah, my hand cures everything."

Yes, he was right. Now he came back to senses like this.

Dongsu stood up, holding his hands, and touched the bridge of his nose.

Both of them just chuckled, but did not say 'sorry' or apologize.

And Dongsu, without turning back, walked toward the alley exit, waving his hand.

Wiping his lips, Suhyuk looked at the place Dongsu left behind.

He thought of what Dongsu had said:

"I know whether a suspect is the criminal or not by judging from his eyes."

Was it because he beat him so hard?

He felt thankful to him, but made a frown while touching his lips.

His mouth was all bruised inside.

"Seeing as I'm not a criminal, I should not have been beaten up like this..."

Though Suhyuk frowned inside, he was still smiling.



Inside the restroom, Suhyuk wiped off the blood on his face. His face was somewhat alright, which meant Dongsu controlled his punching. Occasionally he felt a tingling inside his mouth though.

Dusting off his hands, Suhyuk headed for the patients' ward right away.

"Did you have a good lunch?"

Suhyuk lowered his head at Im Gyungso's asking.

"Sorry, I'm late."

Actually he was not late. He still had ten more minutes of lunch break.

Nonetheless, Im's expression was frozen as if he was still not satisfied with his attitude.

"I'm sorry."

At Suhyuk's words he wrinkled his forehead.

Just one hour ago, he was such an arrogant guy, but now he's changed completely!

It was too late, though.

"What did you say to me a while ago? Say it again."

Suhyuk made an embarrassed expression, because he could not remember what he had said.

"What did you say?"

Im kicked him in the shins.

As Im kicked so instantly, nobody passing by could notice it.

Suhyuk made a frown because of the sharp pain he felt from the shinbone.

"I'm sorry, sir."

There was nothing he could say except 'sorry.'

"Are you crazy? How can you dare say something like 'sense of authority' about me?"

"I'm sorry."

Despite his repeated kicking, Suhyuk did not move at all. He just took it with patience.

"Where is your overconfidence? Uh?"

At that moment chief resident Kang Mingyu came up to them.

"What are you guys doing?"

Im pointed to Suhyuk with his fingers.

"Sir, he's complaining that I'm armed with a sense of authority, crazy for money..."

"You, follow me."

When Kang moved toward a PC, Im, sneering at Suhyuk, followed him.

Kang moved the PC mouse several times, and a medical chart on the patient's diagnosis appeared on the monitor screen.

“Patient Lee Dohee. I directed you to pay close attention to her, right?”

She was diagnosed with valvular heart disease.

“Yes, you did, sir.”

Im found his heart pounding, saying that.

When the chief used the word ‘you,’ it meant one should be careful because of his possible reproaching.

“I clearly told you that even the professor was keeping an eye on her.”

“Yes.”

“Look here.”

The mouse cursor stopped moving at one point on the monitor.

There was a doctor’s name who administered a prescription to the patient, and it was Lee Suhyuk.

“Uh?”

Looking at the PC monitor, Im’s eyes became wider.

“Was she given an anticoagulant?”

From what he could remember, he did not give such an instruction. He clearly did not.

It was possible to administer an anticoagulant toward a patient with valvular heart disease, but patient Lee Dohee was suffering from severe osteoporosis.

It was like inviting bone fracture on purpose to prescribe anticoagulant to a patient with osteoporosis.

“What a crazy guy...”

When Im suddenly looked at Suhyuk, he heard the chief’s voice.

“Good job!”

Looking at Suhyuk, Im’s eyes became bigger, and he slowly turned his toward the chief.

“I think you administered a proper amount of anticoagulant, and her blood pressure

has improved.”

The chief said, looking at Suhyuk, “By the way, why did you give Suhyuk such direction?”

Im could not reply anything, because he did not give him such direction.

Then Suhyuk opened his mouth.

“As Im was in charge of an emergency patient, he had to give me such direction.”

Nodding his head, the chief looked at Im.

“You did a good job, but what if Lee made a mistake? Next time, make sure he consults with you first, okay?”

“Yes, sir.”

He then patted Im on the shoulder lightly.

Im was kind of bewildered.

The chief resident Kim Mingyu was very stingy about praising someone to the point that almost nobody had ever heard any praise from him.

Im felt a strange feeling.

With a smile, the chief opened his mouth again, “Okay, you can leave for home early today.”

“What about the patients I’m in charge of, sir?”

“Don’t worry about that.”

Kang left the place after saying that.

Looking at Suhyuk quietly, Im came up to him, saying “You...”

“Sorry, sir. I think I was absent-minded as I did not sleep well these past few days. I would gladly accept if if you want to discipline me.”

His head lowered, Suhyuk could not lift it up.

Whatever happened, he just felt sorry for Im.

Im just looked at Suhyuk without saying anything.

Though his facial expression was icy, he was a man of manners.

“Okay, I’ll let it slide this time. Got it?”

Only then did he lift his head.

“Thanks!”

“No mercy next time.”

And, come to think of it, Suhyuk once helped him out when he was in a difficult situation.

Im blew away his lingering anger, thinking of that memory.

Above anything else, did he also not just get the praised by the chief?

At that moment the chief came back, and talked to Im, “I forgot to say something. The professor wanted to see you...”

“Me, sir?”

“Looks like he wants to know what made you administer an anticoagulant, and about it’s good effect.”

Then Im felt he got cold sweat on his back. When he was about to turn to Suhyuk suddenly, the chief told Im, “Follow me quickly, okay?”

While following the chief, Im turned his head to Suhyuk, saying in a murmuring tone, “Why did you use anticoagulant?”

Because his voice was very small, it did not reach Suhyuk’s ear. He just slightly lowered his head.

Then his cell phone buzzed. It was Binna’s message.

<Doctor, did I make any mistake today? I’m dumb, so... Please tell me. I want to apologize...”

Reading her message, he let out a short sigh.

‘What the hell did I do all day long?’

Suhyuk composed a very cordial message.

<I'm sorry. As I was so tired... >

And he made a dinner appointment with her before he knew it.



Im was standing before Prof. Han's office.

It was the first time he met face to face with Prof. Han.

"Huuuuuuh..."

With a deep breath, he knocked on the door.

Knock, knock, knock.

"Come in."

Im went into the office quietly like a cat.

"Did you call for me, sir?"

"Have a seat."

"Thanks."

When he sat on the sofa, Prof. Han offered a cup of coffee, asking, "I had a lot of anguish about patient Lee Dohee, but the anguishing was over thanks to your help. How come you made such a bold decision?"

"Well..."

"It's alright. Just relax and talk to me, regardless of the title or relationship. Aren't we studying the same medical science?"

"Well, to be honest..."

Im felt crazy, because he did not do it.

'How can I make myself understood?' He was just asking someone deep in his heart.

'Lee Suhyuk, why did you do it? What was the reason?'

Then Prof. Han's cell phone buzzed.

"Ooops, I forgot that I had an appointment. Let's talk it over next time. I'm sorry."

Im, who had a tearful face, suddenly became cheerful.

"That's alright, sir. I'll see you next time then."

Im slipped out of the office like a gust of wind.

Standing from the sofa, Prof. Han looked at the A4 paper once again.

He did not receive any call, and was just looking over the paper.

There was the name of the doctor who gave the prescription.

It was none other than Lee Suhyuk.

"Yes, my guess was right."

With a faint smile, he took the coffee to his lips.

Chapter 96

It was 8pm, well past dinner time.

Suhyuk was getting on the elevator with Binna.

She grabbed her meal box tightly, and fixed her eyes at her feet, not knowing where to look.

Suhyuk made a bitter expression, seeing her.

<The door opens>

Soon they arrived at the Sky Park on the rooftop.

When the lights, which were turned off during the day, illuminated the rooftop brightly, it created quite a romantic atmosphere.

“Have a seat.”

Both of them sat on the bench.

“You must be hungry.”

Binna began to open the meal box, when Suhyuk’s hand touched the back of her hand.

“Let me do it.”

“No, I can do...”

Suhyuk pulled the meal box to his side and slowly opened it, saying, “I am sorry for how I acted a while ago.”

Binna, whose face became reddish in a blush, shook her head quickly.

“No, it’s understandable that you could behave in such a way from time to time when you’re so busy and stressed out. I saw many doctors like that. And I happened to speak to you at that moment.”

Opening the 3-layered meal box, Suhyuk handed her the chopsticks.

“Thanks for the meal!”

Sweeping up her hair, Binna, whose face became brighter than before, said, “Me, too.”

So both of them began eating.

Suhyuk ate slowly.

“You must have a lot of hard times, right?” asked Binna cautiously.

Picking a seaweed roll, Suhyuk shook his head as if to say he was doing just ok.

“Please try this one, too.”

She poured some hot soup from the tumbler and gave it to Suhyuk.

“Thank you.”

While Suhyuk was drinking soup slowly, Binna, while picking one small tomato, stole a glance at Suhyuk.

Suddenly she thought of her childhood days.

She recalled a time when she was 10.

At that time she had her knee damaged when she fell down. She cried a lot because it hurt so much. She threw a tantrum at her father, saying she did not want to go to the hospital.

She was so scared of the hospital at that time. Doctors, too.

It was still vivid in her memory that the doctor checked her knee, twisted it, disinfected it and sewed it. Without changing his expression at all, he moved his hands like a robot.

Going out of the hospital, her father said, *‘We should never come back here again.’*

She could not understand why he said that. If he had met a doctor like Lee Suhyuk, would he have said that? Like her, was he also scared of doctors? Maybe not.

“Please have some, too. You have to eat a lot if you’re on night duty.”

“Oh, yes!” Binna put into her mouth a baby tomato she was holding, and stole a glance at Suhyuk.

Their meal time lasted more than 30 minutes.

Cleaning up, they stood up.

“Thanks for the food like this every time.”

‘I could bring it to you every day... ’

“Shall we leave now?”

Binna nodded at Suyuk’s words.

The two headed towards the elevator.

Pushing the button, Suhyuk turned his head and said, “Are you free by any chance?”

Binna said, quite surprised, “Oh, yes! Why...”

“Let me treat you to coffee. I’m always served food like this.”

With an instant bright smile, she answered, “Yes. Thank you.”



The two stopped by a coffee shop inside the hospital.

When Suhyuk ordered a kiwi smoothie, Binna carefully looked at the menu with some hesitation. 4000, 5000 won per coffee.

The price looked expensive to her, as she was used to a mixed coffee, and when she tried it, the taste of the coffee was somewhat similar to her no matter which coffee she picked.

Then from the menu she picked one, the cheapest off the coffee menu.

The two sat at the coffee table, and soon the smoothie and coffee were served.

“I wonder if I’m taking too much of your time,” said Suhyuk.

Spoon on her lips, she waved her hands quickly, “No. I’ve got still 20 more minutes of free time. I’m the one who has a late dinner break in the shift.”

With a smile, Suhyuk nodded his head, when his cell phone buzzed.

It was Hana.

“Uh? Hana. What’s up?”

There was a sigh coming out of the phone.

“Did you forget that we agreed to see each other for a bit today?”

He made a double take. He made a promise to meet her one week ago, which he forgot about accidentally.

That meant he was hectically busy, because Suhyuk usually had a good memory.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Where are you now?”

“I’m at the hospital lobby right now. Where are you? Are you busy? You didn’t answer the phone. I’ve been waiting here one hour!”

“Sorry, sorry. Let me come to you now!”

Standing up, Suhyuk looked out the window.

Hana was looking up at him from the lobby.

“No, just stay there. I’m thirsty.”

After he hung up the phone, Suhyuk could not help but look perplexed.

Forgetting the promise, he was sitting in the coffee shop carelessly.

Suhyuk checked his cell phone immediately.

10 text messages and three calls.

Why did he not notice it when his phone buzzed?

“Are they paging now?”

Suhyuk shook his head when Binna was standing up, “Well...”

Then, they heard Hana’s voice from the side.

“Hey!”

“Uh?”

Seeing Hana coming in, Binna stood up, bowing her head.

“Hi there.”

“Hi, how are you?”

Exchanging awkward greetings with Binna, Hana opened her mouth, suppressing her anger, “You were not alone here?”

She got confused thinking he was here alone because she could only see him from the lobby.

“Sorry, I forgot about our promise by mistake.”

Hana looked at Binna cautiously. She saw her once on the street, and she was beautiful in her eyes. Looking at Hana, Binna thought she was beautiful.

‘She looks like an actress.’

“Looks like you’re busy. See you next time.”

Hana turned back, and she could not understand why her heart was pounding hard.

Besides, she felt something hot around her eyelids. If she blinks, she felt like tears would come down at any moment. She asked herself, *‘Hana, what’s wrong?’*

Then Suhyuk grabbed her. “Sorry, I forgot about it by mistake.”

She could not move at all, frozen like ice.

If she shakes her body, she felt the tears in her eyes would fall down.

“You look very upset. I’m really sorry.”

Letting out a sigh, she lowered her head, spreading her hair.

Hiding her face like that, she said, “Let me go to the restroom.”

“Okay, what do you want to have for a drink?”

“Any drink is fine.”

Hana then headed for the restroom

Washing her face, drops of water were falling down.

'I came here with the excuse that I'm feeling sick today... '

She even put off her night duty, so she would be very busy tomorrow.

"What are you thinking now, Kim Hana?"

She shook her head.

Her image reflected in the mirror was of a fool and an idiot.

Her eyelids were reddish, so was the tip of her nose.

She gathered water with her hands and washed her face several times.

And she looked in the mirror again.

"Smile."

When she came back to the table, iced coffee was already served.

"As you said you were thirsty, I ordered iced coffee. Is it alright?"

Nodding her head, Hana sat and said, "Thanks."

As she was so thirsty, she gulped down the ice coffee.

"Hah... I feel so relieved now."

"Hi, I was so absent-minded when I saw you first. My name is Han Binna."

"I'm Suhyuk's friend, Kim Hana."

Binna felt a bit uneasy. How come such a beautiful woman came to be his friend...

She blamed herself for that kind of thinking that came to her mind momentarily.

How come she felt uneasy about their friendship?

She just felt sorry for them because she felt she had some sort of impure thinking about them.

"Were you very busy?"

Suhyuk made a sorry expression at Hana's asking.

“Well, I was busy until 30 minutes ago, but forgot our promise.”

“If you feel sorry, you have got to treat me to a nice meal next time.”

“Sure, let me keep it in mind.”

Thinking her facial expression became a bit relaxed, Suhyuk opened his mouth again,
“How is your father doing?”

“Of course, he is doing fine.”

Putting her coffee cup down on the table, she looked at Suhyuk.

And she smiled a peaceful smile.

“He is okay, so don’t worry about him too much. If I feel he is not okay, let me contact you first.”

She really wished he would not visit her father’s rice and soup restaurant.

Though Suhyuk was smiling, doing the chores at the restaurant, he must have been anxious a lot because he could not treat her father’s limping legs.

As she knew his good intentions so well, she could now understand him a bit better.

“As I’m so busy these days, I can’t come often like before. Please tell your father I will see him when I’m free.”

Hana shook her head from side to side.

He just let her words go in one ear and out the other.

Binna felt envious about the both of them talking endlessly.

Their way of talking made her feel they cared about each other a lot.

At that moment Suhyuk got a phone call.

“Yes, this is Lee Suhyuk.”

It was from Han Myungjin.

“Are you busy? I hear some music out there.”

At the very moment some sort of dance music was coming out in the coffee shop.

“No, sir. I’m at the coffee shop in the lobby. Seems like you can’t hear me well, wait a moment...”

Asking for their understanding, he went out.

Now Hana and Binna were left alone. A sense of awkwardness arised between them.

They were having coffee, fixing their eyes at him on the phone just now.

One second felt like one minute to them.

Nonetheless, there was no sign of him coming back any time soon.

Hana was able to steal a glance at Binna casually.

Her look that was reflecting him in her eyes, looked so warm.

...

That was the same for Binna, who thought to herself, *‘Ms. Hana likes him very much...’*

They could both realize it. Their look was far from the kind of look between friends.

“I’m sorry. You have come here for an appointment. I think I stood in the way. Please have a good time!”

When Binna was about to stand up, Hana held her, waving her hands, “No, no. You are not. Please have a seat. I was going to go home anyway.”

At Hana’s repeated urging, Binna sat back down again.

Again an awkward silence prevailed.

How much time passed?

It was Hana who spoke first, “Ms. Binna. I know it’s discourteous for me to...”

With a pretty dimple, Binna smiled.

“That’s fine. Please feel free to say what you want.”

Hana was casting her eyes at Suhyuk, who was outside the window.

Then she opened her mouth.

Chapter 97

“Don’t you think Suhyuk is a good person?”

Though Hana did not say it directly, her message was pretty clear.

Binna, in a blush, nodded her head slowly.

“Yes, he seems to be a very kind-hearted person.”

Hana could know her feelings clearly from her look, and the way she was now looking at the coffee shyly.

‘She likes him a lot...’

Hana’s face made a bitter expression. She just thought about one thing.

‘It’s late. Very, very late for me.’

Then Suhyuk came back in.

“I’m so sorry, but the professor is calling for me.”

Hana stood up with a smile.

“I was going to leave anyway.”

And she looked at Binna, saying, “See you next time, Ms. Binna.”

They all went out of the coffee shop.

Binna, bowing to Hana, went back the patients’ wards.

“It’s not a sin that one likes someone else.”

Saying words of comfort to herself, she too moved.

“You said the professor called for you. Go now.”

At her words, Suhyuk walked ahead with a smile.

“Let me take you to the bus stop nearby.”

Hana looked at him walking ahead of her.

Was his back always so broad like that?

It was broad enough to hide her if she stood behind him.

“What are you doing? Come on!”

When Suhyuk said that, turning to her, Hana began to move.

The bus stop was not that far as it was located at the main gate of Daehan Hospital.

“Looks like your anger hasn’t melted away yet.”

Hana shook her head, with a smile.

She was not angry from the beginning. Actually her head was occupied with all sorts of other thoughts.

<The bus will arrive in a minute> An announcement came.

Hana, sitting on the bench at the bus stop, stood up.

She searched her bag and took out a square box wrapped beautifully.

“I just bought it on the way here. Let me go now.”

“What is this?”

“Pen. I see doctors with a pen in their gowns, but you don’t seem to have one.”

Having said that, she got on the bus. When she stepped onto the bus, she turned her head, saying, “Suhyuk.”

Suhyuk looked at her with a gesture, which seemed to ask, ‘Yes?’

“Hey, Miss, aren’t you going to get on?” asked the driver.

At the bus driver’s annoying voice, Hana made a bitter smile.

“Never mind. Take care!”

Then the bus she rode on closed its doors and left.

Quietly watching the bus go, Suhyuk opened the box.

Inside was a high-quality pen that looked very expensive.

Looking at the bus disappearing until it looked just like a dot in the horizon, Suhyuk said with a smile, "Thanks."



Suhyuk went to see Prof. Han.

It was already approaching 10pm.

Why did he call for him?

There was nothing particular that he said on the phone, because they could not hear each other well.

When he knocked on the door, he heard a voice come from inside.

"Come on in."

Going into the office, he bowed his head.

"I think I have to change my cell phone. I've used it for 5 years."

With a smile, Suhyuk thought of his cell phone. He'd actually been using it for seven years already.

"Sit down instead of standing like that."

When Suhyuk sat down, he was offered a cup of juice.

"Thank you, sir."

Suhyuk, putting down his juice cup, looked at Han drinking coffee.

Though he was smiling peacefully, he could feel fatigue on his face.

"Actually, I called you to ask you something."

It was not about patient Lee Jinhan.

Han opened his mouth again, "Did you know that I also split my time between seeing

thoracic surgery patients and those with heavy injuries?”

Taking a sip of coffee, Han continued, “I have never told anyone about this.”

Suhyuk quietly waited for his next words.

“Won’t you work together with me?”

Suhyuk’s eyes became wider at that.

It meant Han was helping him grow professionally at his side.

Other residents would have thought it was just that, and welcomed the opportunity with open arms.

But Suhyuk took it differently.

Together.

That was the only word that he thought of.

Genuine doctor.

A genuine doctor like Prof. Han reached out to him.

“Why? You don’t like it? Well...”

With a bitter smile, Prof. Han lifted his coffee cup.

He could fully understand why he was hesitant.

Who would want to work with him with only three to four hours of sleep a day?

As he had been working like that, anyone working with him would have to follow suit.

“Thank you, sir.”

At his voice, Han cast his eyes at him who was smiling.

Han said calmly, as if he heard what he wanted to hear, “You’ll find it tough.”

“I’m young, sir.”

Shaking his head, Han replied, “Oh, I hadn’t thought of it.”

Seated in his chair, Han reached out his hand.

“Let’s do great work together!”

Standing from the seat, Suhyuk grabbed his hands cordially, and bowed his head.



A new day was breaking gradually.

Getting up from the bed Suhyuk wore a gown, with the pen, Hana’s gift, in it.

The tip of the pen was shining from the ray of sun coming through the window.

Looking in the mirror briefly, Suhyuk soon went out of the lodging.

After having bread and milk for breakfast, as usual, he headed for the surgery building.

“You know we have to make the rounds today, right? Don’t make any mistakes.”

“Yes, sir.”

Then Kang Mingyu asked him, “Are you ready?”

Nodding his head, Im handed him a chart.

Kang checked his patients’ records carefully.

All of the five patients on the chart underwent surgeries performed by him.

When Kang nodded his head, looking over the chart, Prof. Han came.

“Let’s go.”

Kang said, heading for the hospital wards.

“37-year-old patient with lung abscess. An X-ray was taken at the time of the patient's arrival, and a shade in the joint was found.”

Nodding, Han turned his head to Suhyuk following behind, asking him, “What is the cause of the lung abscess?”

“There are various causes, but the biggest factor is aspiration of infectious material.”

This time Han asked Im, “What is the most common cause of a lung abscess?”

Stunned, Im suddenly opened his mouth, “Alcoholism and epilepsy, or...”

Han, with a pleasant smile, shook his head. Im knew how to deal with the disease, but was kept in the dark about its cause. For he mechanically learned about medical science without fully understanding the human body.

Han looked at Suhyuk, as if he wanted to hear his answer.

Suhyuk spoke in no time, “Dysphagia, cerebral trauma, cerebral palsy, epilepsy and other symptoms occur in a dim state. Also, it is not always good to look at the oral status of the patients.”

Most of the time, when the patient’s consciousness is absent, bacteria is breathed into the respiratory tract. The lung abscess is a disease that often occurs in patients hospitalized by pathogens.

Hearing Suhyuk’s reply, he walked onwards again.

Kang, following Prof. Han, recited the prescriptions he administered to the patients.

“As there was no response to hemoptysis and medical treatment, I proceeded with lobectomy.”

Soon Han went into the room of the patient who had lobectomy, checking his condition carefully.

And he said, “You can get up soon.”

There was no better news than this.

Han checked four more patients, and on such occasions Prof. Han praised Kang.

After making a diagnosis, Kang coped with the disease very well.

At Han’s praise, Kang felt as if all his fatigue was blown away.

“This patient had caustic stricture...”

While he was explaining about it, Han slightly turned back and gestured toward Suhyuk.

With a smile, Suhyuk was nodding his head.



"I'm going to insert a tube into the patient's thoracic chest. Do you know how to do it?"

Suhyuk opened his mouth, nodding his head, "Yes, I know about the sequence of the surgery..."

Suhyuk barely could suppress the urge to answer, because Im looked bad.

If he had replied, it would certainly have made Im's expression turn much more pale.

Was he still upset about him?

No, Suhyuk thought that such a reason like that was wrong...

Some sort of envy was growing in Im's mind.

He felt as if he became the subject of comparison between himself and Suhyuk.

He could not be more miserable in the presence of Kang and Prof. Han.

But it was only momentary, as Suhyuk was not a guy with nasty temper, he was polite.

"I hope you can teach me a lot, sir, as I'm still learning."

With a feigned cough, Im patted him on the shoulder, saying, "If you learn hard, you will be taking my place before you know it. Follow me."

Having said that, Im turned back, and made a hearty smile before he knew it.

Suhyuk followed him, when his cell phone buzzed.

It was a call from Han.

"Yes, it's me, sir."

"Go down to the emergency room. A traffic accident patient is on the way to our hospital. Let me join you soon."

After the call, Suhyuk caught Im, saying "Sir."

"Uh? Yes?"

“I think I have to go to the emergency room now.”

“Why do you have to go there?”

“Prof. Han asked me to take care of a patient.”

Im scratched his head and said, “Okay, then...”

Suhyuk, who just came into the emergency room, asked for Oh Byunchul.

“Long time, no see. How about the surgery department? Is there time for you to be here?”

Suhyuk nodded and said, “I heard a traffic accident patient was being transported here.”

Oh shook his head from side to side.

How can a resident in his first year see an emergency patient?

Because he is an alien resident?

“It’s about time the patient got here.”

As soon as Oh said that, the door of the emergency room flung open.

There was a patient carried on a stretcher.

His clothes were soaked with blood. There was more than one patient taken into the room. Another patient on a stretcher was also bleeding severely.

Suhyuk ran, shouting, “Blood type!”

Chapter 98

A series of pads connected with the monitor were patched onto the patient's body.

The patient was a man in his late 30s.

Suhyuk checked his heart first.

'It's beating.'

And then he looked at the vital signs.

His blood pressure was dropping markedly. It was natural because he shed a lot of blood.

The patient did not move at all. Even if he lifted his eyelid, there was no reaction from the pupil.

Suhyuk immediately checked the patient's injured area.

Head, shoulder, thigh, there were wounds all over his body.

"Please give me some dressings!"

A nurse handed him dressings, and then Suhyuk pressed the dressings against patient's head first.

"Suhyuk, let other doctors take care of him..."

Suhyuk's fellow residents of his year, who applied for the emergency medical department, said cautiously.

But nobody stopped him, who was only in his first year of residency.

Oh Byungchul did not stop him either.

Oh was taking care of another patient who had been involved in a traffic accident like Suhyuk's patient.

She was in her 60s, with bleeding from her head, and she was mentally stable, but she was screaming at the patient next to her, "Hey, Jinsu. Open your eyes!"

“Please calm down.”

A nurse and Oh forcibly held her down.

“Doctor! Please save my sons’ life, my son. Jinsu, why can’t you open your eyes? Mom is here right beside you. So, open your eyes, my baby!”

She did not stay calm, throwing a tantrum and crying as if she was a baby.

On such occasions her face was covered with blood.

“Hey, save my son! My son!” shouted the woman.

With her head wrapped with dressing, she was pounding a man, with a haggard mustache’s heart.

“Boohoo... Save my son, man!”

Whenever she moved her hands, the man’s body shook.

The accident took place when he felt he was dozing off a bit.

His truck allegedly drove over the centerline, crashing the passenger car driving toward him.

The man thought of his wife’s nagging in the morning when he went out for work.

He felt it was a bad luck.

“I want to check the black box,” said the man.

At his words, the policemen who took him to the emergency room made a feigned smile.

Witnesses told the truck drove over the centerline first.

Even if they open the black box, it would show the same outcome.

That was not the point, though.

The patient never showed any sign of repentance.

Granted it was not his intention, he did not care at all about the patients who were taken into the resuscitation unit. He was thinking hard how to avoid his own

responsibility in the accident.

“Patient Choi Changoh, please come here.”

At the nurse’s calling, the man moved toward her.



Suhyuk was pushing the stretcher carrying a patient fast.

On the other side Prof. Han was running along.

Soon they arrived at the resuscitation unit, with IV and blood packs hung over the patient’s body.

The examination was done quickly.

X-ray viewer was installed, and the CT appeared on the monitor.

Han Myungjin let out a long breath.

The patient’s belly was overflowing with blood.

Han saw such a heavily injured patient for the first time in a long time.

Not only his organs, but also his nerves must have been damaged.

Fortunately his skull was not damaged at all.

“Looks like it’s going to be tough.”

Han murmured before he knew it. Then came a voice out of the blue.

It was Suhyuk who had been looking down at the patient quietly.

He said, “We never know sir, until we try.”

Han, looking at the monitor, nodded his head slowly. How can a novice doctor dare speak like that?

Han could have felt offended, but he was different from other doctors.

“You’re right.”

They had no choice but to put their hope on the fact that the patient was a young man.

Under the direction of Han, the medical staff moved the patient to the operating room.

Like them Suhyuk moved to disinfect himself.

He rubbed his fingers and forearms with a disinfection brush. He rubbed so hard that those next to him were even worried. Closing his eyes, Suhyuk recalled the guy's mother.

"The patient, no, your son was severely injured. Surgery can be dangerous, but do you want us to go ahead with it?"

Tears kept coming down from the patient's guardian's face at Suhyuk's cautious suggestion.

Obviously he needed to have surgery, but the doctor's tone was unusual.

Suddenly she broke into tears. Falling on her knees, she held Suhyuk's gown.

At her tight holding, he could feel how desperate she was.

"Please save my son! Please... If you could save my son, I would never forget your help even if I die. I would give you all the money I have got. Please save my son, Jinsu. *Boohoo...*"

Suhyuk also went down on one knee.

"Please sign this form. We can do surgery only with the guardian's consent."

Suhyuk pulled out the pen from his gown, and gave it to her. The pen was Hana's gift.

She held it with a trembling hand.

"Please help my son live a little longer, doctor! Please..."

After he got her consent, Suhyuk lifted her up, and said in a clear voice, "My name is Lee Suhyuk. I'll do my best."

No, just doing one's best was not enough.

He had to make the patient open his eyes after surgery.

So, the mother and son could meet look each other in the eyes again

“What are you thinking?” asked Han.

Suhyuk’s eyes opened at Han’s asking.

And he said like before, “I was thinking about how to save the patient.”

“Did you have a good sleep?”

Suhyuk knew what Prof. Han was talking about.

It meant the surgery would take many many hours.

“I don’t sleep much usually, sir.”

When he opened his both hands, a nurse immediately helped him into his gown.

Prof. Han, wearing a gown just like him, was looking at him quietly.

He made Suhyuk fill in the surgery consent form by himself, so he could feel a lot while watching the patient and his guardian.

“Let’s go!”

When Han approached the door, the automatic door opened.

The medical staff in green gowns moved busily, and a white light from the ceiling was beaming onto the patient who lay in the middle.

“Huuuuuuuh...” Suhyuk let out a long breath as if he just took a deep breath, and he approached the patient with an oxygen mask in his hand.

‘I would allow you to sleep only in this operating room. You have to open your eyes outside after.’

At that moment he heard Han’s voice.

“This patient is bleeding in his belly, so we need to finish the operation as soon as possible. Now we’re opening up his belly. Scalpel.”

A scalpel was handed to Prof. Han’s hand, and when it touched the patient’s belly, blood was gushing up like a water gun.

“Suction, suction!”

The assistants suctioned blood calmly, and the patient's belly was opened up.

"What are you doing?"

Han shouted at one assistant because he did not set up a retractor inside the belly.

Another assistant was looking for it, but could not find it.

"Obviously I put it here..."

Han suddenly made a frown.

"Damn it..." When he was venting his anger, Suhyuk came to his side, and he opened the patient's belly with both hands without blocking Han's view at all.

Turning his head, he looked at Han.

"We have to finish the surgery quickly."

Han scrutinized each of the medical staff alarmed by Suhyuk's action, and he said in a scary tone, "Let me see you guys after surgery. Irrigation."

Soon wash fluid was poured into the belly, and the suction device was running with a big noise.

It was necessary to find the damaged organ, but the continued bleeding blocked Han's view.

Han checked the blood packs.

"How many were used so far?"

"Seven packs, sir."

"Just keep supplying it. Squeeze out the current pack, and then replace it with a new one."

Han shook his head.

"Here is the retractor."

A nurse who came into the operating room brought a retractor.

Only then could Suhyuk step back.

He looked at the patient's opened belly carefully.

Obviously the spleen was damaged, along with other organs. Even the nerve vessels.

Now bleeding was simply too much.

Then one thing came to Suhyuk's mind suddenly.

Main artery.

"Is his main artery okay?"

At his asking, Han, putting his hand into the belly, looked at him.

"Why did you say it only now?"

Han did not think of it at all. Patients with heavy injuries usually had organ damages, and it was very rare they had their main arteries damaged too.

Han's hand moved cautiously and quickly.

And he lifted his head quickly, shouting, "Contact Prof. Kim right now!"

His main artery was ruptured. Though it was very minor, most of the bleeding came out of it.

It was only natural. Called the highway of a human body, main arteries carry blood throughout the whole body, and there was a leak in it.

"Quickly!"

Han could perform the surgery of the main artery himself, but could not do better than Prof. Kim who was performing such surgeries dozens of times per week.

It was the beginning of the situation. Suddenly there was heard something from the side, a blot out of the blue. It was the voice of the nurse who had contacted Prof. Kim.

"I hear he just began emergency surgery. It would take at least one hour for him to come here."

A long sigh came out of Han's mouth.

It would be too late if he came one hour later. The patient could not continue to survive by that time.

‘What should I do... ’

The operating room was quiet.

The residents monitoring the patient’s vital signs, and the assistants squeezing out the blood pack to force blood into the patient.

Everybody’s attention was on the patient, as if they were saying in unison, “It’s not possible.”

Then Han turned his head to the side.

Suhyuk was looking at the patient quietly. What was he thinking?

Turning around, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “Please stop his heart.”

Chapter 99

Han Myungjin looked Suhyuk in the face, saying something with glittering eyes:

'Yes, just go ahead without hesitation. You need to stop the excessive bleeding first...'

Though Han thought of the same thing, he was so glad when Suhyuk mentioned it first.

Suhyuk was quick in judgement and without hesitation.

"Get ready for aortic arches replacement."

At the professor's direction, the medical staff moved in unison.

An extracorporeal cardiopulmonary valve was pulled in place of the heart to make blood circulate throughout the body, and other fluids were hung up.

Suhyuk said to Han, "As for aortic arch replacement, I have done anastomosis before."

Han's eyes became wider.

A resident in the first year has done such an emergency surgery?

"I've done it under the guidance of Prof. Kim Jinwook."

Still Han did not understand it a bit, but felt it was possible.

He knew Prof. Kim was very much anxious to have Suhyuk as his disciple.

Han now turned to Kang Mingyu who was looking into the slippery organs here and there.

Kang was searching for other sources of bleeding other than the main artery.

Though Kang was assigned to the cardiothoracic surgery, Han had to force him to come over here for the surgery. Other medical staff that he wanted were all too busy. They were either taking care of emergency patients or already in the operating rooms.

"This kind of main artery surgery is the first time for you, right?"

"Yes, but I've observed it several times."

Han opened his mouth, looking at Suhyuk.

“Well, I’ve done aortic arch replacement surgery only 20 or so times. That’s why I need some more knowledgeable assistants.”

Kang nodded his head, looking at Suhyuk.

He did not feel envious or jealous just because Suhyuk was younger or lower in title than he.

Suhyuk had participated in the surgery before, but he had not.

That was enough for him to step aside.

“You might need this,” Kang handed a loupe to Suhyuk, stepping back.

“Thank you, sir.”

Now Suhyuk was set to perform the surgery as the next important surgeon after Han.

“I’m ready, sir.”

At the perfusionists’ words, Han looked at Suhyuk on the other side.

He alternately looked at the patient’s face and his opened belly.

“We’re going to start now. I can’t tolerate any mistakes.”

Suhyuk nodded his head, saying, “Absolutely, sir.”

“Huuuuuuuh... Let’s start then. Heparin!”

At the professor’s direction, the nurse repeated after him and injected coagulant into the IV line.

“I’m injecting heparin now.”

“Lower the body temperature so as not to damage the organs, and heart arrest procedure starts now.”

Beep...

The machine signaled a scary warning sound that the heart stopped, and at the same time a cardiopulmonary device started running.

At that moment Suhyuk put his hand into the belly without using the surgery tools.

Whenever he moved his hands, the organs were oozing. It did not last long.

“This is the source of bleeding. Please cut it.”

Suhyuk lifted up the main artery with a damaged membrane gently with his fingers.

The main artery hung over his index finger was dark red, and blood came from out of the damaged membrane.

Shaking his head, Han moved the scissors.

Is there another doctor who dared hold the main artery recklessly like that? Han could not do anything about it, though. Now the surgery was urgent.

The incised main artery dropped onto the metal tray. Blood spread around it slowly.

“Let me sew it,” said Han.

“Don’t you think it’s better we share the task, sir?”

Han agonized a bit, because it would take a lot of time to anastomose a main artery because it was very complicated to do.

“Are you confident?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Do it well then.”

When Han held out his hand, one assistant handed a needle holder and threads.

It was the same for Suhyuk.

Handed over an artificial blood vessel, he put it into the cut main artery.

Han went ahead with the anastomosis first.

When the artificial blood vessel was fixed at the stem of the cut main artery, Suhyuk fixed a thread to a needle holder as small as a pincette.

And both of them started doing anastomosis.

Prof. Han was doing it from the lower part while Suhyuk was sewing the upper part.

They were controlling the four needle holders inside the belly.

How long did it last?

It was already more than two hours since they opened up the patient's belly.

After he was done with the anastomosis, Suhyuk waited for Han to finish as well.

Then Han raised his head, and the nurse wiped off the sweat from his forehead.

"Done!"

Breathing out a long breath, Han looked at Suhyuk as if he was a wonder boy.

He neatly connected the artificial blood vessel, and besides that, he did it faster than him.

Precise and quick.

"Looks like we need to revive his heart."

At his words, Han nodded his head.

Although the heart-lung machine was running, the function of the heart would be weakened if it was forced to stop any longer.

Han immediately applied electric shock to the patient's heart.

But it did not beat.

He did it once more, but the heart did not beat.

It was all quiet.

Breathing out a long breath, Han reapplied the electric shock.

At the same time, Suhyuk's rigid eyes went back to normal.

The heart was beating again.

"Nice job. Keep listening to us well."

Suhyuk was murmuring to the patient.

Now he opened his mouth, turning to Han, "Looks like we need to remove the spleen

first.”

The spleen was crushed completely. To secure a wider view, it was necessary to take it out.

Catching his breath, Han was shaking his head.

Suhyuk did not give him any chance to take a break.

So, they began removing the spleen. Besides, it was necessary to incise the liver partially.

The more they moved, the more their gowns were stained with blood.

Three hours, four hours...

They cut the damaged organs and reconnected the cut blood vessels and nerves.

Then Suhyuk, who was connecting the blood vessels, said, “Please take a break, sir.”

He saw Han’s hands trembling subtly, which was natural as he was a human being.

The surgery was already continuing for over five hours.

“Let me take over, sir.”

Kang, who was watching nearby, came to Han.

Stopping for a moment, Han agonized for a moment.

“Okay, let me pause a bit then. Thanks.”

Han stepped back and took a seat in the back.

Kang, who took his place, was confident of doing anastomosis.

He did it several times, but he was not sure how long it would take.

“You’re doing great, man!” Kang said to Suhyuk.

Then he grabbed a surgical thread.



A black and white picture uploaded on SNS was generating a huge response on the internet.

It was a picture of the operating room, with the floor covered with blood.

Was it to prevent any slipping on the floor? Here and there were placed mats stained with blood.

On the operating bed was a patient whose face was covered, and a doctor sitting next to him.

The doctor was drooping his shoulders, but his eyes looking at the patient seemed to form a smile. The netizens' comments on the picture were as follows:

<When other doctors were taking a break, the doctor worked 25 hours on the surgery without letup. He drank only energy drinks during that time. The patient opened his eyes after half a day, while the doctor was asleep.>

Thousands of replies were posted on this comment.

<Does it make any sense? Looks like it's a movie scene>

<I'd like to see what kind of doctor he is>

<How wonderful it would be if we had many such doctors? I respect him>

<Thanks so much for your hard work. Hope you can take care of your own health from now on>



Suhyuk slowly opened his eyes. It was still dark. There was no light coming through the window.

'How long did I sleep for?'

He checked the time on his cell phone. It was 9:40pm.

Getting up from the bed suddenly, he wore a gown and went out.

He headed straight for the intensive care unit.

“Is patient Kim Jinsu okay?”

At Suhyuk’s asking, the nurse smiled, nodding her head.

“Yes, his vital signs are good, and he is mentally stable. You did really nice work, doctor.”

Suhyuk let out a long breath.

After the surgery, he confirmed that the patient opened his eyes.

He could breathe a sigh of relief after checking his face grimacing with pain.

He could save his life, after all. He fell into sleep next to the patient.

He woke up to find himself at the lodging.

Did someone carry him on the stretcher to his lodging?

When Suhyuk was thinking about it, the nurse was touching her cell phone.

Actually it was the nurse who took the picture of him in the operating room as well as his posture in the recovery room, and uploaded it on her SNS. Back then she did not expect the picture would generate such an overwhelming response.

Suhyuk moved quickly to look for the patient. He could easily find him.

“Oh my god! Doctor Lee Suhyuk!”

A woman, who was touching his face, stood up. She was his mother.

She held Suhyuk’s both hands, saying, “Thanks a million, sir. How can I repay you...”

Suhyuk said, with a smile, “Well it’s just my duty.”

Then, he checked the patient’s condition. All vital signs were normal.

But he would feel a lot of pain.

Suhyuk asked the patient who had half-opened eyes, “How do you feel?”

The patient said, making a smile with the utmost effort, “Thanks for saving my life, sir...”

He heard many times from those doctors and nurses who came and checked on him:

A doctor by the name of Lee Suhyuk saved him.

Smiling without saying anything, Suhyuk grabbed his hands.

“Please hold my hands with your utmost strength.”

With a frown he held his hands with strength.

“That’s fine.”

Someone was looking at him from the back.

Han Myungjin and Kang Mingyu.

“He woke up early, sir,” said Kang to Prof. Han.

Han murmured to Kang who was shaking his head, “He’s THE true doctor...”

Chapter 100

Suhyuk was looking at Kim Jinsu who had been transferred to a general patients' ward.

"How do you feel?"

Kim smiled, saying, "I think I feel much better. Thanks, doctor."

Then his mother offered banana milk to him.

"Did you have breakfast, doctor?"

Suhyuk replied, with a smile, "Yes. Did you? Not only the patient but also the guardian should eat well."

"If you feel uncomfortable, please let us know immediately."

"Well, I feel fine except for some sort of pain on the surgery area. Very good for the rest."

Suhyuk, smiling at him, nodded his head, and turned back.

Those nurses watching him in the back began to whisper, "What a great doctor! How could he do surgery for that long?"

He did not go to the restroom. They heard he just had energy drinks instead of rice or water.

It was difficult to believe.

"According to the nurse who went into the operating room, Dr. Lee was doing the surgery alone when the other medical staff were dozing off."

"Are you serious? Isn't it bragging? How can a resident in his first year do anastomosis alone?"

The other nurses nodded their heads at one nurse's questioning.

At that moment they could hear some voice coming into their ears.

"Well, Dr. Lee could manage it very well. He is such a great doctor."

It was Binna who said that, passing by them at that moment.



Suhyuk visited Prof. Han's office.

"I hear you wanted to talk to me."

Suhyuk nodded, and opened his mouth, "I want to have a day off today."

Han made a feigned smile.

Actually he wanted to give Suhyuk two days of leave when he finished the long surgery, but Suhyuk refused it. And now he want to take a day off?

"I told you to have days off, but you said you didn't want it. Don't you feel good now?"

Suhyuk shook his head, saying, "Actually my parents are supposed to come for a medical check-up today."

Han smiled.

"Oh, sure. Go ahead. By the way, you know that your immediate family can have a discount. Don't fail to apply for it."

"Thank you, sir."

Rising from the seat, Suhyuk bowed his head, and then went out.

Han shook his head.

Suhyuk just looked icy when he said only the main point before leaving, especially compared with his attitude when he was taking care of patients.

Suhyuk was obviously different from doctors who wanted to hear a little more advice from him.



Coming back to the lodging, Suhyuk took a shower first. He wore neat clothes and trimmed his hair calmly. He even applied skin lotion which he did not usually. And he looked in the mirror.

Suddenly he looked at the hanger in the room. A long doctor's gown. *'Do I have to wear it?'*

Then his cell phone buzzed.

"Suhyuk, I've got only two bus stops before arriving there. Can I just go inside the hospital?"

"Yes, mom. Just come inside."

After the call, he went out of the lodging and waited at the bus stop.

Was it because he was dressed up or did his appearance, in a doctor's gown, look unusual?

Some women waiting for a bus took a glance at him.

<Soon a bus will arrive> came out a recorded announcement.

At the announcement Suhyuk's smile thickened.

In no time a bus arrived. When he got on the bus, his mother greeted him, saying, "Oh, my doctor son coming out to meet me!"

She touched his gown as if she was stroking his shoulder. How happy she was...

Suhyuk put on the gown on purpose.

"Honey, stop stroking it like that. I'm afraid you're going to crease it."

At her husband's words, she took away her hands right away.

"It's alright. I don't iron it anyway. Let's go."

Suhyuk's face, who was escorting them into the hospital, became brighter.

Inside the hospital lobby she looked around with wide eyes. She felt so proud that her son was working in a place like this.

"Do we have to wait long? Your father will feel dizzy if he skips even one meal."

They were fasting because of the medical check-up.

Escorting them to the elevator, Suhyuk opened his mouth, "No, you don't have to, as

I'm your son. I've already asked the medical staff to check up on you first."

As he was a doctor of Daehan Hospital, he was determined to enjoy all the benefits it offered.

For it was something related to his parents.

<The door opens> The elevator's door opened in no time.

"Good morning, doctor!"

"Good morning!"

The nurses inside the elevator all said greetings to him.

Suhyuk said shortly, "Good morning!"

Suhyuk's parents smiled at them, because they could realize that their son was a doctor because they could see the nurses greeting him politely.

Then a doctor who came out the elevator last opened his mouth, "Oh, your parents are here."

He was Prof. Han Myungjin who happened to come out to smoke a cigarette.

Suhyuk's parents looked at him as if they were asking who he was.

"This is the cardiothoracic surgery professor."

As soon as he said that, his mother bowed her head and said, "How are you, professor? I'm Suhyuk's mother. Please take good care of my son!"

His father said the same thing, "I'm his father. Though he has a long way to go, I hope you can take good care of him, sir."

Prof. Han held his hands politely, saying, "You have a very good son."

"Oh, he has a long way to go. Please take good care of him, sir!"

"Ooops, I wish I brought some soft drinks here..."

Han shook his head at her remarks, adding, "Don't say that. You're not here to visit a patient. I just wanted to say this, just thank you. I'm helped a lot thanks to your son. Thanks again for sending your son to Daehan Hospital. I just feel proud of him."

Gently surprised by the professor's remarks, their facial expression's became soft.

"Then let me go now as I'm busy."

Han disappeared, and they looked at him, feeling how commendable he was.

Soon Suhyuk's family got on the elevator.

The medical staff started with checking their height, weight, urine and eyesight tests.

As a rule, they are supposed to fill out questionnaire form and see the doctor before the test, but Suhyuk already filled out the form over the phone.

When they were having their bloodwork and X-ray test, Suhyuk was with them.

Their endoscopy was done by himself.

While they were sedated, Suhyuk focused on the screen illuminating their inside bodies.

Soon, two hours of tests was all done.

Coming down to the lobby with them, Suhyuk smiled.

He could find nothing abnormal from head to toe. Rather, they looked much healthier than their age suggested. It was fortunate for them.

"You must be hungry, right? There is a famous ginseng chicken soup restaurant across the street. Let's go there."

"Thanks to our doctor son, we had a free medical check-up, plus free meal!"

Of course, it was not free. Suhyuk got a discount, and paid for the remaining balance.

He just mentioned it was 'free' to his parents.

"Suhyuk!"

They turned their heads to the side when they heard some voice calling their son.

He was Prof. Kim Jinwook.

"Uh? Are you..."

It was Suhyuk's father who said first, "How are you, sir? I'm Suhyuk's father."

“Uh?”

Kim was surprised a bit, but instantly said gladly, “Don’t you remember me?”

The couple looked perplexed at Kim’s remarks, because they have never seen him before.

Kim bowed his head and said, “How are you? Was it when Suhyuk was 16 years old? When he was hospitalized because of the traffic accident, I saw you several times...”

Only then did Suhyuk’s mom make an expression as if she now remembered his face.

When was it that Suhyuk was diagnosed as a vegetative patient?

More than 10 years has passed already.

Frankly, the couple could not remember him. But he is still a doctor just like he was back then.

He must be in such a high position now.

“Ah, yes, we really appreciated it back then, sir. Thanks to your help, Suhyuk has become such a good man like this. Thanks again, sir.”

At a loss for words, Kim bowed his head, because he did nothing at that time.

He was only an intern back then.

“Please take good care of my son, doctor!”

At her remarks, Kim shook his head.

“Well, I’m in a position to learn from him. You may not know it, but Suhyuk is very famous at Daehan Hospital.”

The couple made a satisfactory expression.

Not only Han but also Kim just praised their son.

“Did you come here to see your son?”

At Kim’s asking, Suhyuk replied, “They were here for medical check-ups. We’re going out for a meal.”

“Ah... Actually I haven’t had a meal. Can I join?”

At his words, Suhyuk agonize a bit because it was a family get-together after such a long time. He did not want anybody else to join it at all. So, he had to ask for Kim’s understanding.

“Sorry, but...”

“Why don’t you join? Do you like ginseng chicken soup by any chance?”

Suhyuk’s father cut off his words. How come his son dare refuse the professor’s suggestion.

Though Suhyuk was recognized for his work, his social life was a train wreck.

“Yes, I like it so much!”

“Let’s go together, then.”

His mother also urged Kim to join, when Suhyuk tried to open his mouth.

She gently patted his back with a silent word that he should not talk.

Shaking his head, he just had to follow his parents’ directions.

Then someone called, “Dr. Lee Suhyuk!”

All of them turned their heads to the side.

Prof. Lee Mansuk was walking toward them.

Kim was shaking his head slowly. What the heck was he doing...

Whenever he met Suhyuk, Lee would appear without fail like this.

Chapter 101

The ginseng chicken soup restaurant was crowded with customers.

Such a big crowd made them realize why it was a famous place to eat.

Although crowded, seeing as it was past lunchtime, they were able to find an empty table.

“Welcome. How many are you?”

Lee Mansuk replied to the employee’s asking, “Five.”

“Right now we’ve only got an empty room. Is it okay?”

Lee asked, looking at Suhyuk’s parents.

Waving her hands, Suhyuk’s mother said, “Professor, it doesn’t matter to us.”

Nodding his head, Lee said to the employee, “Escort us to the best room, please.”

“It’s all the same, sir.”

The employee escorted them to the room.

It was quite spacious, but narrow at the same time.

Out of the five tables, there was only one table left.

Suhyuk’s parents were seated at one side of the table, while Kim and Lee on the other.

Suhyuk took a seat between them at the head of the table.

After placing an order, Kim, who was holding a water cup, looked at Lee.

Was it a coincidence?

He could not help but shake his head.

He felt as if he was being watched.

When he was thinking about it, Lee said with a pleasant smile, “You have a very good son. Other doctors feel jealous about Dr. Lee Suhyuk because he works so wonderfully.”

Satisfactory smiles were plastered all over Suhyuk’s parents’ faces.

His father opened his mouth, “Looks like he has become what he is now thanks to your great guidance, though he still has a long way to go. Thank you.”

Kim shook his head, replying, “No, we didn’t do anything for him at all, so we even feel sorry.”

The couple smiled at Suhyuk. They felt so proud of him.

Lee Mansuk kept praising him, and so did Kim.

Soon ginseng chicken soup was served, and they began to eat.

Suhyuk’s mother took out a rear chicken leg and gave it to Suhyuk.

“Try this, Suhyuk.”

“Oh, I’ve got one here. Please try it yourself, mom.”

“I can’t have all this. You have to eat a lot and get more strength since you work until very late every day.”

Lee Mansuk agreed and nodded his head.

She asked, “Can you change the department where you work if you wanted to?”

With a perplexed look, Suhyuk was about to open his mouth, but at that moment, Lee Mansuk spoke first, “Of course he could. I can guarantee that he leaves the office on time if he comes to the neurosurgery department.”

Kim Jinwook intervened then, “I can guarantee that at my department too.”

The two professors kept saying sweet words to Suhyuk’s parents.

Because Suhyuk let what they said go in one ear and out the other, they decided to turn to other methods to persuade him. They could not miss the opportunity in front of them.

While they were competing to curry favor with his parents, Suhyuk began eating,

shaking his head.

At the counter Lee Mansuk took out his wallet. When he was about to take it out, Kim came up and said, "Let me pay this time."

Lee Mansuk quickly presented his credit card to the owner at the counter.

"I just want to pay, Prof. Kim."

"Actually I am indebted to Suhyuk's parents for what they did to me before. Let me pay," said Kim.

Kim had nothing like that, of course, but he wanted to get credit from them anyway.

"Don't you think it's a bit weird to repay your indebtedness by serving ginseng chicken soup. Let me pay this time, so you can buy them nice food at a decent place."

"No, let me just pay this time," said Kim.

The owner showed a bewildered expression, looking at the two credit cards.

"Who wants to pay then?"

The two replied at the same time. "Use my card, please." "No, use mine!"

Then Suhyuk's father came out of the room and said, "It's on me."

When he gave cash, the owner took it without hesitation.

Lee and Kim made a bitter expression, blaming each other.

After paying, they came out of the restaurant.

With a pleasant smile Lee Mansuk said, "This is my business card. If you don't feel well in the future, please contact me immediately. I'll take care of you. See you next time then."

Kim said the same thing, and looked at Suhyuk.

"You're going back to the hospital, right?"

Suhyuk shook his head, saying, "I'm going to go home."

He got a text message from Prof. Han Myungjin that he could take a break until

tomorrow.

Han thought Suhyuk needed some rest.

No matter how much he told Suhyuk not to, Suhyuk worked until the daybreak.

And this time he spent as many as 25 hours participating in the surgery.

Suhyuk did not refuse Han's instruction.

He would reject such an instruction on his usual days, but this time he wanted to go home with his parents.

"Goodbye then!"

Soon Lee Mansuk and Kim Jinwook moved towards their destination.

The two did not say anything to each other, and headed for the hospital.

"Are they on such bad terms?" asked Suhyuk's mother tilting her head.

Suhyuk could not help but smile bitterly.



When he entered the door, there was a smile spreading on Suhyuk's face naturally.

How long had it been since he last visited here?

He felt so good about being at home.

"Son, give me the gown and go wash quickly."

Handing her the gown, he took a shower right away.

He cleaned his body carefully to wipe off any possible pathogens.

He could not leave behind any pathogens at his parents' house.

"Are you not hungry?"

Suhyuk shook his head with a smile. It's only been two hours since he ate ginseng chicken soup.

“Can I cut some fruits for you?”

At his father’s asking, Suhyuk went into his room, replying with a no.

It was clean, as if they cleaned the room every day.

While touching his own stuff, he lay on the bed.

His eyes automatically closed when he felt the softness of the bed.



The voice of his father calling someone in the living room came into his ears.

“Yeah, the university hospital is really good. How much was the bill? Of course, it’s free! You know my son is a doctor there. And do you how much the professors there praise Suhyuk...”

Suhyuk formed a slight smile on his face, and the sunlight coming through the window was warm. Suhyuk fell asleep before he knew it. How long did he sleep for?

Suhyuk’s mother came into his room to find her son sound asleep.

“Son, it’s time for dinner.”

He showed no sign of waking up as if he was in a deep sleep, and just hugged the blankets tight.

“Suhyuk, dinner time...”

“Just let him sleep. If he gets hungry, he will get up on his own accord.”

At her husband’s words, she closed the door silently after looking at him.

His father, watching TV, stood up.

“Where are you going?”

“For a walk outside. Do you want to join me?”

“Are you sure?”

So, the couple moved to the door.

“What did Suhyuk like?”

“Honey, don’t you know what he likes?”

“Give me some tips now.”

“Are you going out buy Suhyuk’s food, not for a walk now?”

“No more talk, honey.”



Suhyuk, who slept like a log, opened his eyes slowly.

He confirmed the time by checking his cell phone.

It was just past nine in the morning.

Rising from the bed, Suhyuk scratched his head.

It was a long sleep. He felt that he went to sleep before evening, and he woke up only now.

He surely must have been very tired. Thanks to a sound sleep, he felt great now.

He went to the living room, and nobody was there.

Instead there was a set of foods on the dining table covered by a piece of paper.

They went out for work.

Suhyuk read over the note left there.

<Did you sleep well? I didn’t wake you up on purpose because it seemed you were very tired. Enjoy the food. Are you going to the hospital? When you wake up, call me.>

With a smile Suhyuk removed the paper covering the table.

Spicy soup, vegetable noodles and rolled omelet, his favorite.

‘I wish she just went out without preparing all this.’

Suhyuk moved to the kitchen sink to heat the soup.

At that moment he heard the strange voice of a man. Did he hear wrong?

“Don’t approach me!”

He did not hear wrong. He heard a series of foul words from the man.

He went into his room, and found the origin of the noise was outside the window.

Was there a fight outside?

He opened the window to look outside.

Suhyuk’s eyes became wider.

A middle-age man holding a knife was taking a woman in her early 20s as hostage.

Those men confronting face to face with him were shouting, “Let go of the knife, bastard!”

“If she gets hurt while you’re holding her like that, don’t you know it will only add your jail terms?”

Looks like the men confronting him were detectives.

“I told you to get out of my sight quickly before she gets hurt!!”

A crowd began gathering at the place.

The situation really looked dangerous.

Suhyuk recognized it was even more dangerous than people might have thought. The middle-aged man’s forearm was pressing the woman’s neck very hard.

Her darkening face, who was trembling with fear, indicated a danger sign of going unconscious.

Then, the woman, squeezed hard against his chest, let out a feigned cough.

And soon she fell like a limp noodle.

“Damn it!”

Dragging her limp body, the man began to step back and then ran away.

“Catch him!”

The detectives began to chase him quickly, and one detective that was left behind called 911 urgently.

Bang!

Closing the door, Suhyuk went out of the house immediately.

Already there was a large crowd in the alley, and Suhyuk elbowed his way into the throng.

Approaching her quickly, Suhyuk asked the detective putting his ear to her lips.

“How is her condition?”

The detective answered without realising, “she doesn’t seem to be breathing.”

“Please step aside.”

Suhyuk pushed the detective to the side.

Squatting down, the detective looked at him blankly. A man going around with just his bare feet.

“Who are you?”

“I’m a doctor.”

Replying shortly, he lifted up her eyelids. As expected, there was no reaction.

He quickly checked to see if she was breathing. As the detective said, she was not breathing.

Suhyuk applied CPR without any hesitation.

One, two, three...

Locking his arms together, he applied CPR. Whenever he did that, her chest went up and down repeatedly. He then blew air into her mouth. Still no reaction.

Nonetheless, Suhyuk did not give up. He was applying CPR without saying anything.

Soon his forehead formed beads of sweat. One, two...

Then he felt something strange on her chest while he was applying CPR. He knitted

his brows.

Her ribs were broken as a result of the CPR. Still, he had no intention of stopping.

Chapter 102

“Huuuuh... Huuuuuh...”

Taking a couple of deep breaths, Suhyuk pressed the woman’s chest hard, and then he blew air into her mouth.

“Open your eyes!”

Not even a slight reaction.

The crowd gathered there around her began uttering, “Is she dead?”

Hearing them, Suhyuk acted more urgently.

Her face was becoming more and more pale.

“Don’t you think it’s just so unfair if you die like this?”

Saying that, Suhyuk once again blew air into her mouth and took his locked arms to her chest.

At that moment, “Cough! cough!”

Some coughing came out of her mouth.

“Wow! She came back to life! She’s survived!”

“It’s true, he is a doctor!”

Suhyuk, breathing a relief of sigh, squatted on the ground as if he let go of all his strength.

It lasted for only a moment, though.

Straightening himself, Suhyuk checked her condition, who was breathing hard.

“Can you see me?”

Frowning at his asking, she moaned, saying, “I feel so much pain coming from my chest.”

As her ribs were broken, it's only natural she felt like that.

"I called 911, so bear with the pain for a moment."

Her breathing became weaker and weaker.

She was feeling pain from her fractured ribs as her chest became bigger and then smaller with each breath she took, and she was trying to breathe instinctively even with the pain.

"Even if you feel the pain, you have to breathe properly."

She might have a problem if her breathing became weak.

For if the lungs that always have to be inflated with air become shrunken, complications such as atelectasis and pneumonia may arise.

At that moment they heard an ambulance's siren.

The rescue crew checked her condition.

"She has rib fractures."

One of the crew asked, blinking his eyes, "What did you say?"

Only then did they understand Suhyuk's words, and hardened their look.

Multiple fractures could lead to serious organ damage.

"How did she get hurt?"

"It happened while I was applying CPR. That's not the point. Please transport her as soon as possible."

The crew moved her to the stretcher cautiously, and Suhyuk got on the ambulance.

Whenever the ambulance trembled a bit, she moaned.

"I find it hard to breathe..."

Suhyuk held her hand tightly, saying, "You'll be alright. So, please bear it a moment. Please put an oxygen respirator on her."

A crew member, seated face to face with her, put the respirator into her mouth, and

looked at Suhyuk pitifully.

Rib fracture could happen anytime when CPR was applied properly, but that could also pose a problem.

Even though one saves a victim's life by applying CPR, in many cases one is accused of causing injury because of the rib fracture. The injurer has to bear not only the treatment bill but also the legal cost.

Actually there were a lot of such cases in the past.

The rescue member was more worried about Suhyuk than the woman.

However, Suhyuk was only focused on the moaning woman.

"Please try to breathe a bit more. Yes, like that. You're doing great."

The ambulance drove to the hospital in no time. It was not Daehan Hospital.

They took her to a nearby hospital.

Suhyuk, who came to the emergency room along with the patient carried on a stretcher, shouted, "Rib fracture patient."

A doctor on duty came, asking, "How did she get injured?"

"Ribs were fractured while I was applying CPR."

"Did you do it by yourself?"

"Yes, I don't think it's multiple fracture. I think she needs a bone scan quickly to confirm it."

The doctor's eyes became wider at his words.

He looked like a college student. Not only had he applied CPR, but his way of speaking was professional.

Checking the patient's condition, the doctor caught a beginning resident passing by.

"Take a bone scan of this patient first!"

The resident came and pushed the stretcher with the patient.

Suhyuk went with him, when the doctor stopped Suhyuk and asked, “You must be her guardian, right?”

“No, I met her on the street.”

At his reply, the doctor shook his head, wearing an unpleasant look.

It was certain he, who applied CPR, would run into trouble if he met the patient’s guardian.

The doctor witnessed it several times.

“Uh? Where are you...”

The doctor could not stop him running to the emergency room.

Suhyuk could confirm the condition of the patient, who was taking bone scan, through a glass screen

“Not that serious. I don’t think there is any damage to the organs...”

Suhyuk fixed his eyes on the monitor when the doctor said that.

As he expected, it was not multiple rib fracture, but just a simple fracture.

Suhyuk looked at her who was lying in bed, with her head lifted up.

Only then could he make a smile.

She had no particular problem when she went through all the examinations.

Though she had to stay at the hospital for several days, she could get discharged after that, and it would take about four weeks for her to fully recover.

“I feel that it’s hard to breathe.”

At her words, a nurse said, “Can I put the oxygen respirator on you?”

“Yes...”

After the nurse disappeared, Suhyuk approached her.

Looking at the name label on the bed, he opened his mouth, “Ms. Hemi, do you still feel a lot pain?”

She nodded, with a frown, complaining in her heart, *'It's because of you...'*

"Don't worry too much. You'll be able to get up soon. Excuse me for a minute."

Getting out of the room, he went to the restroom, and took off the hospital sleeves to wash his bare feet. As he ran with bare feet, they were studded with tiny little stones.

But Suhyuk did not make any frown because he saved her life.

When he came back to the hospital, a middle-aged woman was stroking her face. She was her mother.

"She was fortunate enough."

At Suhyuk's words, the middle-aged woman turned her head to him, shouting "You!"

She came to him with big strides, and complained, "How could you make her injured like this? So, what would you do now?"

Suhyuk said in a calm voice, "If I had not applied CPR, her life might have been in danger."

"Who told you to do that? Why did you break her normal ribs?"

"Rib fracture could happen frequently with CPR."

"What are you talking about? You think you're a doctor?"

"Yes, I am a doctor."

The woman bullying Suhyuk now closed her mouth for a moment, but continued again, "You are a doctor. So what? What if something went wrong with my daughter? Are you going to take responsibility for it? Yes, you should be responsible for it. How should you compensate?"

Suhyuk made a frown, but soon he was back to normal.

He could understand her who must have been surprised a lot at her daughter's condition.

"So, what would you do with her?"

"Please calm down. Without his help, her life would have been in danger..."

The nurse standing behind her cut in.

“What? Don’t you see my daughter with an oxygen respirator right now? You’re in the same boat, right? Get ready. I’ll take action,” she threatened.

At that moment they heard a male voice outside the patient’s room.

“This is not a market. Shut your mouth!”

A man in his early 50s shouted to her.

In a suit, he seemed to have come, stopping his work at the office.

“Honey! This man broke our daughter’s ribs!”

The middle-aged man went up to his wife, and then raised his hand as if he was about to hit her.

But he did not hit her. Instead he threatened, “What the heck are you making a fuss about here? Watching TV soap operas at home all the time, you must have gone crazy by now.”

Actually she brought in her friends everyday for a drinking party.

To make matters worse, she started gambling, losing the rent deposit.

“Honey...”

“Don’t call me honey. How should I deal with you...”

This time, too, he did not have the heart to hit her.

Briefly looking at his daughter in bed, the man turned to Suhyuk and bowed his head politely.

“Thank you, sir. I heard from the doctor that you save my daughter’s life...”

Suhyuk said with a smile, “I’m a doctor. I just did what I should have done.”

“Honey, why are you talking to him like that?”

The man, who was bowing his head, turned back and said, with a frown, “Be quiet!”

At her husband’s rebuking, she became dumb as an oyster.

“Let me apologize on behalf of my wife. I’m sorry, sir.”

“It’s alright. Looks like she did that because she was surprised. I fully understand.”

Suhyuk left the place without hesitation after speaking to them, and the man was looking at him with blank eyes.

He turned around and looked at his wife. Then he said, “Why did you come out and make an exhibition of yourself like this? You should have stayed home watching TV soap operas. Come with me now.”

The patient’s room was clamorous for while.



“The criminal suspect took her as hostage here. He ran away after he strangled her neck while he had been taking her as hostage. And the woman who stopped breathing...”

The alley was crowded with many people. Some of them were taking pictures, and some holding a microphone in front of the camera. They were all reporters.

And then one man shouted, “He’s that very person!”

It was the voice of a man who had seen Suhyuk applying CPR to the woman all along.

Reporters turned their heads to him suddenly.

Suhyuk was approaching, dragging his slippers.

At the slippers were large and stretched, Suhyuk found them very uncomfortable.

They scrambled to see him. Stunned, Suhyuk stepped back.

“It was a very urgent situation. Did you already know how to give CPR?”

“What is your occupation?”

They took dozens of microphones and cell phones to Suhyuk for comment.

Click! Click!

Camera flashes clicked ceaselessly.

“Please just one comment!”

“What is your occupation?”

With an embarrassed look, Suhyuk opened his mouth before he knew it, “I’m a doctor.”

Then he suddenly came to his senses, and elbowed his way out of the crowd.

Getting the media attention was the last thing he wanted.

They chased him to his villa.

“Are you Mr. Lee Suhyuk by any chance?”

Walking up the stairs quickly, Suhyuk stopped for a moment.

Click! Click!

He began walking up quickly again.

Bang!

Suhyuk closed the door quickly as soon as he arrived at the villa.

Nonetheless, they kept knocking on the door.

Shaking his head, he moved to the living room.

Then his cell phone buzzed.

Suhyuk went into the room to pick up the phone.

“This is Lee Suhyuk...”

“Suhyuk, it’s me, your sister. I just feel regretful...”

It was reporter Han Jihye.

Chapter 103

Getting up early in the morning, Suhyuk could not help but stand blankly in the lobby.

There was a news report about him on the TV.

Though it did not mention his name, the report introduced the series of things he had done before, ranging from his cutting the cricothyroid membrane at middle school to identifying the cause of death of a cadaver. And then there was additional piece about his having caught a thief who broke into empty houses and this time saving a woman's life with CPR.

Those who had been gradually forgetting about him recalled the stories about Suhyuk once more, and those who did not know of him began to find out who he was.

Obviously it was not Han Jihye who wrote the report because he had earnestly requested her not to do so.

Probably those reporters who recognized him might have weaved the story like that.

"Isn't he doctor Lee Suhyuk?"

Suhyuk quickly got on the elevator, hearing someone's abrupt voice like that.

"Huuuuuh..." He let out a sigh without realising it

He just wanted to focus on the patients, but instead found himself the subject of attention and focus.

<The door opens>

The elevator door opened, and Suhyuk moved with a bitter smile.

"Good morning!"

At Suhyuk's greeting, Im Gyungso nodded his head. Beside him was a man who he did not know.

He was standing still like a tree, and bowed his waist as soon as he saw Suhyuk.

And then he opened his mouth hesitantly, "How are you, sir? I'm intern Park Sungjae who has just been assigned to the cardiothoracic surgery!"

Im knitted his brows, saying, "Hey, lower your voice! Some patients passing by might have a heart attack at your loud voice."

"Yes, sir!"

With a smile, Suhyuk asked to shake his hands.

"Nice to meet you. I'm Lee Suhyuk."

Park's eyes became wide. He was about reminded what they said when he was assigned here.

'Just work as hard as Lee Suhyuk, no more or no less.'

"My service to you, sir!"

Im shook his head at that. Who is saying it to whom?

It was Im himself who would be in charge of Park.

"I don't see the chief doctor. Something wrong with him?"

Yes, Suhyuk was right. Chief Kang was not seen there.

Im said in bitterness, "I heard his grandfather passed away. I should visit him, but I can't find time..."

Suhyuk nodded his head.

Though lots of patients were coming in, there were not a sufficient amount of doctors.

The situation was more serious because cardiothoracic surgery was unpopular as a specialism choice.

"We're going to collect some comfort money later. You know nurse Han Binna, right? She is supposed to collect the money, so hand the money to her today."

Then, Prof. Han Myungjin came up. They were supposed to make the rounds in the morning.

"I told you to take a day off today..."

Han just made a perplexed smile at Suhyuk, looking at him.

The figure in question on the TV news channel... Though his name was not mentioned, Han could infer from the report that he was Suhyuk.

Even on a day off, he went around to save a person's life.

Suhyuk slurred, scratching his head, "It happened to be that the alley was right beside my house..."

Han, shaking his head, walked ahead.



Checking the patient's condition, Han asked intern Park, "This is chylothorax. What is the cause?"

"Well..."

Park became dumb as an oyster at that question. The moment he was asked, he just could not think of anything. However, Han made a smile, saying it's understandable.

Now he looked at Suhyuk, who opened his mouth reflexively, "It is the state where the chest tube which is the largest lymphatic organ is damaged and the chyle in the chest tube is accumulated into the chest cavity."

Suhyuk explained it in a calm and orderly manner as if he wanted someone to listen to it.

"Generally speaking, there may be many causes, but it is caused by lymphoma or wounds."

Saying that, he took a glance at Park.

Park was taking notes quickly about what he said.

"Yes, that's right. What's the remedy?"

Han looked at Im Gyunsu, but instantly cast his eyes to Suhyuk.

Just in case Im could not answer in front of the intern, Han was considerate enough to have Suhyuk reply instead.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, and this time his reply was not easy to deliver.

Suhyuk explained as easily as possible so Park could understand.

“There is conservative therapy first. There is a method of inserting a chest tube into the target and draining it. At the same time, the patient needs fasting, so intravenous infusion should be provided. Oral ingestion at this time is absolutely taboo. This is because it increases the amount of chyle in the chest.”

Han shook his head. Suhyuk’s explanation was easy enough that even ordinary people could understand it.

Suhyuk continued, but Han raised his hand to stop him.

He could go on and on like this. What’s important was that the patient was recovering.

Han went out of the room, and the three followed him.

Im, walking next to Han, explained about the disease of the next patient.

Then Park cautiously opened his mouth, asking Suhyuk, “Sir, you mentioned a secondary method to treat...”

Suhyuk said with a smile, “Well, it is universal to check any damaged caused by surgery, and then sew it.”

Taking notes quickly in his notebook, he nodded.

Suhyuk made a pleasant smile as if he was proud of Park.

Then Park stopped walking, and thought to himself while looking at Suhyuk walking on.

Was there any doctor who explained to him so easily while he was leading a tough internship?

Suhyuk’s posture, walking with his gown fluttering in the air.

He looked like a real doctor.

When he made the rounds with the professor, Park asked Suhyuk question after question. There were so many things he wanted to learn.

When he asked other doctors, he would be told off, but Suhyuk was completely

different from them.

His soft voice made Park relaxed, and whatever he mentioned, Park could easily digest.

He wished there were other doctors like Suhyuk at other departments.

Park thought he would just follow Suhyuk while he was having his internship at the cardiothoracic surgery department.



As soon as they were done with the rounds, it was lunch time. Suhyuk moved to the cafeteria.

Park quickly came toward him. With a doubtful look, Suhyuk asked, “Did you finish your work?”

Im was not the type of person who let the interns or residents take a break on time, especially interns. Im really gave them a hard time.

“Oh, Im told me that I should follow you for more learning.”

That was possible.

Im already recognized Suhyuk’s capabilities, but he had other motivations too, namely getting the troublesome intern to be taken care of by someone else.

Unaware of this, Park was all smiles.

Suhyuk made a bitter smile at that because he could detect Im’s such intentions.

He did not care, though. For teaching was not hard anyway, and it was neither clinical treatment nor surgery that Suhyuk ordered Park to do.

“Sir, I hope you can give me lots of teaching and scolding.”

Like he did the first time, he bent his waist to show respect.

“If you work with me, you may be tired quite a bit.”

At Suhyuk’s words, he showed some anxious look. Was he intent to give me enormous assignments? Suddenly that kind of thought came to his mind.

Then Suhyuk continued, “Well, I often make the rounds to check the patient’s condition.”

Park welcomed it more because that was a good opportunity for him to learn while following Suhyuk.

“Let’s go.”

When Suhyuk moved to the cafeteria, Park followed him briskly.

The two went out right after lunch.

Even though it was for a moment, Park could size up Suhyuk to some degree.

He would not open his mouth unless Park talked about patients.

Park felt very awkward while eating with him.

They still had 30 more minutes of lunch time left.

“Sir, I’d like to treat you to a cup of coffee because I was so thankful to you a short while ago.”

With a smile, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “Next time, Mr. Park. I have to see a patient now.”

Park then followed him, with a crisp reply, “Yes, sir.”

Though it was still lunchtime, Park did not have anything to complain about.

All this would be of immense help to him anyway.

He certainly could not miss the golden opportunity to learn from someone like Suhyuk.

Until then Park would not know it yet, namely that he would be destined to face many hellish days.

Chapter 104

It was 3am.

Coming out of the patient's room, Park sat on the hallway bench feebly.

His shoulders drooped, he tried hard not to close his drooping eyelids.

Suddenly, what he had experienced at emergency medical department came to his mind.

Dressing, blood collection, CT, MRI, endoscopy tests, and getting consent forms, etc.

Besides, he had to keep a watchful eye on the patients under anesthesia to check if they were falling from the bed.

Yet it was worse at the cardiothoracic surgery department.

'I feel like dying.'

Park thought like that. How many hours did he sleep for during the past few days?

Nine hours? Ten hours?

Though he was only an intern, he felt he was being mistreated.

He had no work to do except for following Suhyuk.

That was the problem, though.

Suhyuk kept seeing the patients as if he had an indefinite physical strength like a robot.

Also, his explanation of the diseases.

He felt he was going crazy because of Suhyuk's outpouring explanation whenever he met patients. His explanation was easy, but it was enormous enough to have him retch.

He felt like he was being tormented.

'I want to sleep... Just 10 minutes... '

At that moment, Suhyuk came out of the patient room that he had entered into a while ago.

He just finished checking the patient's condition one more time.

Park sprang to his feet.

"You look tired. Go home and take a rest."

Park, with his bloodshot eyes, shook his head.

"I'm alright, sir."

'Please tell me once more to take a rest.'

How can he accept big senior Suhyuk's request right away? If Suhyuk insisted once more, then Park would be ready to go to the lodging with reluctant acceptance.

'Please, sir... '

But his wishes did not come true, as he expected.

Suhyuk was looking at him proudly, and Park could not betray his expectation.

Turning back, Suhyuk headed back to the patient's room.

"This is a patient with partial anomalous pulmonary venous connection. This disease is less than 1% of congenital malformation..."

Park, following him with faltering steps, wanted to shut his ears to Suhyuk's words.

The next morning.

Im, who just came back after having been dispatched to the heavy injuries center, was stunned to see Park. His skin was rough and dry, and he looked pale as a ghost as if he did not sleep for three days straight. Im looked at Suhyuk.

"Don't you think you're giving Park too much of a hard time?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Suhyuk looked at Park.

"I'm in good hands, sir. He doesn't give me any hard work..."

"Then, how come your face looks so haggard? Were you doing something else instead

of sleeping at night?”

Park just felt tight in heart.

He did not work, but... He just felt crying.

“Well...”

“Tell me. What is it? What did you do yesterday?”

“I just followed Dr. Lee Suhyuk.”

“Just following him? Was that all? You didn’t collect blood, either?”

“Yes... but in the morning...”

Without hearing him out, Im looked at Suhyuk with a frown.

“Hey, Lee Suhyuk. Are you here to take care of a picnic boy? From now on, let Park do the chores of dressing, getting the consent forms for the patient’s examinations, etc. Don’t you think Park was just fooling around after leaving the office as you’re so nice to him?”

“Yes, sir.”

Hearing Suhyuk’s reply, Im then looked at Park and said scoldingly, “Do it right, okay?”

Park bowed his head and said, “Yes, sir. I’ll work hard.”

At the same time, Park said to himself from the bottom of his heart, *“Thank you Dr. Im. You saved me!”*

He felt as if he could regain his strength because he could work independently from Suhyuk for a while.

“By the way, Lee. The professor wants to see you. Park, come and follow me.”

Park quickly followed Im.

Suhyuk felt pitiful about him because he would have to take on lots of work from now on.



Suhyuk headed for the professor's office.

"Did you look for me, sir?"

With a soft smile, Han asked him to sit and offered him a cup of coffee.

"Is your new intern working well?"

Suhyuk nodded his head.

"Yes. He seems to have a strong determination to learn."

"That's good to hear. Recently I haven't found any interns interested in cardiothoracic surgery."

Except for Lee Suhyuk who was right before his eyes.

"Why did you call me, sir?"

Han shook his head from side to side.

"Well, I heard that a TV network is sending their crew here to cover our hospital in the form of a documentary."

Suhyuk was surprised suddenly. He reacted reflexively at the word 'broadcast.'

'Hopefully not the cardiothoracic surgery department.'

When he sometimes watches a TV documentary, it often showed the emergency room.

"Are they coming to cover the cardiothoracic surgery department by any chance?"

Han, nodding his head, took coffee to his lips.

"Why are they covering us rather than other departments?"

"How should I know, seeing as the higher-ups made the decision?"

"Please make sure they don't shoot me, sir."

Other doctors are trying hard to have their faces shot on the TV screen more, and some of them pass by the shooting scene on purpose.

“I think they are coming to film me intensively.”

Suhyuk made a blank expression because he had to follow Han wherever he moved.

Whether he was moving for the patient’s examination or surgery, it did not matter.

Reading Suhyuk’s expression, Han made a feigned laugh because he had a miserable scowl on his face.

“Don’t you like it?”

“To be honest, I don’t like it, sir.”

“Any reason?”

He had only one reason. He did not want to draw any attention.

What kind of situation would develop if his face appeared on TV even for a moment?

He was not an entertainer in any way.

Firming up his mind, he said, “Well, I’m afraid it will disturb me when I see patients or when I participate in surgery.”

While having coffee, Han cleared his throat as if he got something caught in his windpipe.

How could any doctor say such a thing to the TV crew?

Clearing his throat, Han opened his mouth, “That makes sense, but the audience watching the documentary could change their thinking a bit.”

Suhyuk made a perplexed expression.

“Do you know what they think about doctors usually? They think doctors are infected with their social status behaving high and mighty or that they treat patients roughly. Of course not all people think like that but...”

Moistening his throat with coffee, Han said again, “That’s why doctors like you should appear on TV. There are doctors like you who don’t look at the patients as money and don’t perform difficult surgeries. We should be on TV to say that. It’s like a dagger we’re darting to those doctors without conscience, so they can feel the pang of conscience sharply.”

Suhyuk nodded at Han's smile.

There was nothing wrong with Han's remarks.

Though he did not want to be seen on TV, at the same time he wanted to inform the audience that there are doctors working hard, like Han said.

Of course, that type of doctor would be Prof. Han.

In his opinion, Han was the best doctor who put the patient before anything else.

All he had to do was just help the TV crew film him.

If that's the case...

At that moment Suhyuk thought of an interesting idea.

"When do they start filming?"

Han smiled at Suhyuk's asking.

"We're going to have a meeting in three hours."

Suhyuk laughed awkwardly.



While turning over a chart, Suhyuk received a call.

"What are you doing? Come here now!"

"Yes, I'm coming now."

After he hung up the phone, he walked to the conference room reluctantly, and he opened the door.

Some strangers were talking with the professors of the cardiothoracic surgery.

"By the way, why are you wearing a mask?"

Han, talking with the TV crew, looked at him.

"I have a cough, sir."

“You were perfectly normal a short time ago, right?”

“Looks like I have had a latent cough then.”

“That’s why you should have taken care of your body as a rule.”

After having said that, Han made a serious joke to the director of photography next to him, “See. Doctors don’t take care of their own sickness. This is Dr. Lee Suhyuk, a very capable doctor.”

Suhyuk was surprised at his name being mentioned suddenly, and read the director’s countenance.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Han Woontaek.”

When he reached out his hand, Suhyuk could breathe a sigh of relief.

Director Han was not aware of him.

“Nice to meet you, too. My name is Lee Suhyuk.”

So, they talked with the TV crew about the documentary project.

Their discussion could be summed up like this.

Namely, just work as usual while the TV crew are filming it in a way that they would not disturb them as much as possible.

Their discussion ended soon, and Suhyuk went out of the room.

Then he heard the director directing his crew members.

“Number 2 camera, Woojin, you shoot a film of Dr. Lee Suhyuk.”

A young guy approached Suhyuk right after the director’s order.

He looked to be in his late 20s, with a round physique.

Holding his camera, he opened his mouth, “My name is Kim Woojin. I look forward to your help for one week, sir.”

“I thought you would focus on Prof. Han. Isn’t it true?”

“You’re right. Prof. Han is our main focus, but we need to take a shot of other doctors.

Our director already explained about it at the meeting.”

Suhyuk’s sigh came out his mask quietly, and he opened his mouth, “Okay, got it. Hope I’m in good hands, too.”

Outside the conference room Suhyuk and the director were walking on the hallway.

Patients and nurses looked at them curiously because it was unusual.

“May I ask about your job title here?”

Mr. Kim Woojin, assigned to taking a shot of Suhyuk asked.

“I’m in my first year of residency. Why are you asking that?”

“Well, we have to put in the captions when we edit the filmed material. When we air the documentary, your name and job title comes in.”

Suhyuk stopped walking and slowly turned back, saying, “Can you just take out my name and describe me as a resident?”

As he was wearing a mask, only his glittering eyes were seen.

At least it was what the cameraman could see.

“Let me ask the director then...”

He took out his cell phone and called the director, “Sir, it looks like Dr. Lee Suhyuk doesn’t want his name and title identified.”

Kim handed his phone to Suhyuk then.

“He wanted to talk to you, sir.”

Suhyuk was handed the phone, and said, “Please respect my wish.”

Chapter 105

“Will do.”

Confirming the director’s reply, Suhyuk returned the phone to Kim and turned back.

He felt as if he were a victor.

“Where are you heading for now?” asked Kim.

Stepping backwards, Kim started taking a shot of him.

Suhyuk consciously felt that he was being filmed at the moment.

“I’m seeing a patient who has undergone umbilical hernia surgery.”

Suhyuk would see patients after he’s done with all his jobs of the day.

That’s why nurses could not help but like him.

Suhyuk was listening to almost 80% of the complaints of the patients.

“What kind of disease is it?”

“In plain words, the organ is not located where it’s supposed to be, but pushed to the wrong place.”

Filming him, Kim nodded his head.

He soon arrived at the patient’s room. The patient was an old woman in her 70s.

When Suhyuk was approaching, a middle-aged woman watching the TV made a smile.

She was her daughter and guardian.

“You’re here, doctor!”

“Has she eaten?”

She nodded her head, looking at her mother.

“Oh, she just wants more and more food every day.”

With a smile, Suhyuk came closer to the woman in bed. She was sound asleep.

The surgery went well, and she could be discharged now.

Suhyuk moved his hand to the IV line to check whether the fluid was dropping properly.

Then, the patient, who seemed to be in sound sleep, opened her eyes suddenly.

“Oh, you are here, young man!”

Though she spoke in a childish tone, Suhyuk did not care at all, and made a smile.

She has been suffering from dementia.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, “You recognize me very well even if I wear a mask?”

“What is this?”

As she moved her hand to his mask, he flinched and stepped back, but she was faster and pulled away his mask.

‘Oops... I’m just helpless now.’

Thinking so, he moved his eyes to one side. It looked as if the big camera was scoffing at him.

Suhyuk suddenly hugged the old woman.

Though he was now without a mask, Kim was filming him from behind.

“How fortunate you are as you had a good surgery like this!”

She widened her eyes, clearly surprised by his unexpected act.

However, she also hugged him and stroked his back.

“How wonderful!”

The guardian could not help but smile naturally at that.

Is there another doctor like him? He is really a warm-hearted doctor who is just like a family member to them.



“Where are you heading for this time?”

“I’m seeing a patient who is being discharged today.”

“What kind of patient are they?”

“She is one who had acute appendicitis.”

Then Suhyuk stopped walking and opened his mouth again, “Often they say they have had appendix, but the correct term is acute appendicitis.”

The cameraman nodded his head.

The two arrived at the patient’s room, where the woman patient who seemed to be in her early 20s was packing her stuff.

Opening her round eyes, she alternately looked at Suhyuk and the cameraman.

Suhyuk approached her and smiled.

Of course, as he was wearing a mask, only his eyes were seen to her.

“The TV network is making a documentary here. If you don’t want your face to be seen, please tell me.”

Stunned, she began combing her hair.

Kim took a shot of her.

“You must feel good as you’re being discharged today. What are you going to do first thing when you go out?”

She stroked her face as if she felt rather awkward.

“Well, I think I have to finish up my backlogged homework... I also want to have some delicious food... May I, doctor?”

Suhyuk nodded his head.

“Of course. Congrats on your discharge today! Don’t come back to the hospital!”

That’s the typical greeting Suhyuk says to a discharged patient.

“Do you have anything to say about Dr. Lee?”

At the cameraman’s asking, she made a smile and said, “He’s been so nice and kind to me while I’m here. Even at a late hour he would come and check my condition...”

One day she was about to sleep after tossing and turning, when Suhyuk stopped by and pulled the blanket over her quietly.

‘I wish I had a boyfriend like him.’

She would think like that several times whenever she looked at him walking out of the room quietly.

“Ah! And my friends say he saved a person’s life by applying CPR...”

“Hahahaha!”

Suddenly Suhyuk made a big laugh, and opened his mouth, “Congrats on your discharge today from the bottom of my heart!”

Astonished by his big laughing, Kim fixed his camera again at her.

“What did you say a moment ago?”

“CPR...”

“Hahaha! Come with me. Let me help you get discharged.”

“Oh, yes...”

With a blush on her face, she pushed back her long hair to her ears.

‘Dr. Lee is helping me with my discharge directly? Does he like me by any chance? Will he ask for my contact details’

She could have a little hope like that is what she thought, however, it never happened like that. All he did was help her with the discharge process.

“Thank you.”

After saying such and bowing her head, she left the lobby.

Though she wanted to see his face, he did not remove his mask even to the end.

“Huuuh...”

Suhyuk let out a sigh of relief. He could not lower his guard for even a moment.

“Oh, are you seeing a patient off like this?”

At Kim’s asking, Suhyuk said shortly, “Yes.”

He usually accompanied the discharged patient to the lobby.

Of course, when he was busy, he could not.

Kim was thinking the opposite, though.

“By the way, if you don’t remove the mask, your face might not appear on TV.”

“I don’t care at all. I can’t pass on my cold to the patients.”

Kim nodded at Suhyuk’s reply.

He was supposed to follow him for the whole week.

He would certainly take off his mask during that period.

Thinking so, Kim followed Suhyuk.



Making the rounds of the patients, Suhyuk checked and recorded their condition one by one.

Dressing after disinfection was basic practice to him.

There was nothing particular and no emergency patients.

Kim’s shooting continued into the afternoon.

While Suhyuk was turning over the chart, Kim paid attention to his stiff neck.

Even though he was not busy, Suhyuk never had a break time.

Was it because he was in front of the camera? Kim thought so.

Approaching Suhyuk, Kim said, putting his camera down on the chair, “Dr. Lee, would

you like coffee? Let me treat you.”

“It’s still business hour.”

Kim scratched his cheek, and felt embarrassed at Suhyuk’s stern tone.

“Ok, sir. I won’t shoot the film. So, take it easy. I’m afraid you’ll be out of sorts if you keep working everyday.”

Suhyuk smiled at his expression of concern.

“I’m fine. If you’re tired, please take a break and come back later.”

Shaking his head, Kim grabbed the camera again.

Then a phone placed before the PC buzzed. A nurse sitting nearby picked it up.

And she looked at Suhyuk.

“Sir, an emergency patient is being transported here.”

“What kind of patient are they?”

“I hear that they fell down the stairs...”

“Got it.”

Suhyuk raced toward the elevator and pressed all the buttons.

Still, the elevator was very slow.

Looking at the floor that the elevator stopped on, he called somewhere.

It was Prof. Han he called.

“Prof. Han, we’re having a heavy injury patient come in. Let me see him.”

Han quickly said, “Ok, let me come down in a minute. First, have him get the necessary tests.”

Suhyuk hung up the phone and moved.

Instead of waiting for the slow elevator, he was walking down the emergency exit stairs.

“Sir! Go with me!”

Walking down the stairs, Suhyuk moved more quickly.

He paid no attention to the cameraman, which was only natural.

For he did not feel it necessary to move with the cameraman.

The patient, who already arrived, was lying with pads on his chest.

A resident in his second year was checking the vital signs of the patient, when Suhyuk approached.

“I hurried here because of the call.”

“Good.”

Making a frown, the resident stepped back, and Suhyuk took his place.

The patient, moaning now, was bleeding.

His front teeth were broken. Besides, there were small and large bruises all over his body.

It was certain that he fell down the stairs.

Now he began to scream, “It hurts!”

His mouth smelled strongly of alcohol.

“Where do you feel hurt the most?”

“My chest hurts! My chest!”

Suhyuk cast his eyes at his chest. It was reddish as if his chest was hit by some object while he was falling down the stairs. Fortunately he was normal mentally.

Then Kim Woojin came up to him.

“What kind of patient is he?”

Did he not hear Kim?

Suhyuk was pushing the stretcher carrying the patient to the heavy injury unit.

“This really drives me crazy...”

Steaming with sweat, Kim followed him quickly.

Suhyuk’s response was swift, as usual.

Still, it took him as much as 30 minutes to perform tests on the patient, even though he acted very quickly.

First he collected blood from the patient, and then other tests were done.

From head to toe the patient was scanned.

Looking at the monitor, Suhyuk murmured.

“Liver laceration.”

Kim Woojin, who was taking a shot of the patient’s CT of his chest, asked what that meant.

Someone replied from behind.

“It means his liver was ruptured.”

He was Prof. Han. When he approached, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “His vital sign isn’t improving, even with blood profusions. I think we need to start surgery.”

Han was looking at the CT carefully.

The black shade that should not be between the diaphragm and liver was caught in his eye.

It was a sign that there was internal bleeding.

“When did he begin receiving blood profusions?”

“More than 30 minutes ago.”

“Get ready for surgery.”

At Han’s order, the medical staff began moving the patient.

“I don’t want surgery! No.”

The patient, smelling strongly of alcohol, shouted suddenly.

The cameraman shooting Han asked, "Looks like he is an emergency patient."

Han, nodding his head, opened his mouth, "As for a patient with liver laceration, if their blood pressure and pulse can be maintained by appropriate conservative therapy, then you do not have to perform surgery. But I think he needs surgery."

The blood was pooling in the diaphragm, and the pulse and blood pressure were dropping without improving for over 30 minutes.

Blood transfusion and medication would be enough.

There was no other choice but to open his belly and give a direct hemostasis.

Han headed for the operating room directly.

Han opened his mouth, washing his forearm with a disinfection brush, "Looks like the patient has plenty of go in him."

Suhyuk nodded his head. Intoxication made him dumb.

"Let's go."

Nodding, Suhyuk changed into an operating gown.

He also wore a new mask, and he turned back quickly with an eerie feeling.

Chapter 106

The cameraman, who covered his camera with a disinfected germ-free sheet, also followed.

Though Suhyuk covered his face with a surgery cap and mask, he still could be identified.

For Kim was taking a shot of him.

Was it possible for his face to have been shot?

Perhaps not. Suhyuk changed his mask with his back to Kim.

Zeeeeing...

The automatic door opened and Suhyuk went in along with three cameramen.

Fortunately they did not get close to the operating bed. Perhaps they were instructed not to.

They just took a shot of various stuff in the room.

Kim, who was taking a shot of Suhyuk, walked to the side, and filmed the doctor looking squarely into the patient's eyes. He was standing there as still as a stone statue.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm keeping an eye on this patient who is under anesthesia, as he might fall from the bed if we aren't careful."

'Is he an intern?'

An icy voice came into Kim's ear, who had been thinking like that.

"Don't move carelessly."

It was Suhyuk's voice.

Kim took wavering steps back before he knew it.

Though only one day passed since he started to follow Lee, it was the first time Kim saw such an icy look.

'Is it because of this?'

He heard that doctors tended to be very sensitive when they went into the operating room.

Kim Woojin took a little more distance from the operating table to take a shot of Suhyuk.

So, the three cameramen were intensively taking a shot of the doctors assigned to them.

And as they installed a camera on the ceiling, they did not have to move to take a speedy shot from a different angle.

The filmed material would be edited and then processed in black and white for broadcast purposes.

The medical staff, busy preparing the surgery, now went back to their place, and the patient closed his eyes under the influence of the anesthesia.

"Bobby."

At Han's words, the surgery began.

The patient's belly was opened with the smell of burning flesh.

"Pull it!"

The two interns pulled the patient's abdominal wall on both sides using a retractor, and the heart stained with blood was seen pounding. And a reddish blood was coming out of the liver next to the heart.

"Irrigation!"

At the professor's order, the surgical nurse handed the saline solution to him.

On such occasions, the organs surfaced as they were.

"Unexpectedly, the damage is not that severe. So, we can finish the surgery quickly. Suction!"

The intern, who was monitoring the anesthetized patient, inserted a suction device inside the belly. It sucked in the blood mixed with saline solution.

At that moment, the suction device made a fluttering noise as it was pulling away something strange.

“Hey!”

Han shouted at him.

Stunned, the intern pulled out the suction device as if he was burnt by something.

Not knowing what he did wrong, he opened his mouth, “Sorry, sir.”

Gushing blood spattered over Han’s loupe suddenly.

The suction device directly touched the liver, which caused more bleeding to come from it.

Han stepped back without saying anything. The nurse wiped the blood off his loupe right away.

Suhyuk on the opposite side opened his mouth, “Irrigation.”

When Suhyuk held out his hand, the assistant gave him wash fluid.

He poured it into the belly, and held out his hand to Park Sungjae to signal that Park should hand over the suction device to him.

“I’m sorry, sir.”

“Watch carefully.”

As an experienced hand, Suhyuk sucked in the blood, saying to him, “Next time, try to think you’re alone with the patient in the room.”

Suhyuk did not say anything after that.

Park was at a loss on how to understand what he said.

But Han was smiling as if he said that as the answer himself.

Instead of scolding and punishing him, that kind of talk was the best advice.

Of course, it would take some time for Park to fully understand it.

In no time the damaged organ began to reveal itself after Suhyuk repeatedly sucked in blood.

The liver was not crushed like a tofu, but ruptured, which meant it did not need any partial removal.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, "Let me do it, sir."

Han nodded his head. At his approval, the medical staff remained silent.

For they clearly knew his capabilities that they had witnessed several times.

Nothing new or strange to them, because it was Lee Suhyuk.

In sewing the ruptured liver as soft as a tofu with his blood-stained hands, Suhyuk did not show any hesitation.

Han, nodding his head, watched him quietly.

Then a cameraman spoke to him, "Looks like the doctor has performed surgery many times before."

The professor said, shaking his head, "Maybe five times?"

The cameraman was surprised a bit.

"Is this an easy surgery?"

"Not at all."

"How come he..."

"Well, he is a doctor who thinks the world of his patients, and that's why he is so capable."

The cameraman who has been taking a shot of Han gestured toward Kim.

That was a signal to him that he should take a good shot of Suhyuk.



After surgery the patient could open his eyes in the recovery room.

As the surgery did go well, just as planned, the medical staff laughed.

But the patient developed a dizzy symptom.

He grabbed Suhyuk's hair and made much ado of nothing, but the medical staff calmed him down quickly. After he took a good rest alone in the recovery room, the patient was transferred to the intensive care unit.

Confirming the patient was asleep, Suhyuk came out of the room, and he made a bitter smile, stroking his hair.

Fortunately he had thick hair.

"You must be stressed when you see a patient like him."

Suhyuk shook his head when the cameraman asked that question.

"It's just dizzy symptom. As he had sudden surgery, he must have been very surprised and scared."

Kim took a close-up shot of his eyes. That glittering eyes of his.

"Don't you feel stuffy if you wear a mask?"

"I'm alright. Let's go."

Suhyuk's gown was fluttering.

While he was taking a shot of Suhyuk's appearance from behind, Kim thought of what the director said a moment ago, *"Don't fail to take a shot of Dr. Lee Suhyuk's face."*

"Looks like he wouldn't take it off, giving the excuse that he has a cold."

"You've got be ready to remove it if needed."



Three days passed since they started shooting.

Kim Woojin felt he was going nuts because he could not see this masked doctor taking a break at all. Patient, patient, patient. Whenever he arrived at the hospital, he would make the rounds of patients. Did he sleep for only four hours a day?

Due to Suhyuk's short sleep, Kim had to reduce his sleeping time.

Of course he could understand that, because doctors were normally busy, but of all doctors, only Suhyuk seemed so busy in his eyes.

That's not the point, of course.

However he tried, Kim could not take a shot of his face.

Even when he had a meal, he put seaweed rolls into his mouth, with milk.

So Kim spent several days trying to shoot him in vain.

"Huuuuuuh..."

Kim, sweeping up his hair, headed for the conference room.

He was not going there for a break, but he had a call from the director.

"Is everybody here?"

All the staff of the camera team gathered in the conference room.

Kim Woojin was one of them.

"Mansuk, did you finish the interviews with the nurses?"

"Yes, sir!"

The director called each one of the staff to double check if there was anything missing.

"Ok, nice job! Now we have one more day to go, so let's cheer up! Don't make any mistakes. Dismissed!"

The camera staff began to go out one by one, and so did Kim.

Then the director approached him and said, "Did you get a shot of his face?"

"Well..."

The director suddenly made a frown.

"Whenever he eats or drinks, he never removes his mask."

"Did I ask you to report about it? Did you take the shot or not?"

“No, sir...”

He came up close to Kim with big strides, demanding, “Shoot it. Today is the last shooting day.”

“Looks like he doesn’t want to be seen on TV... what if he takes an issue of portraits right?”

“Didn’t you see the doctors sign the contract before we began the shooting? It’s all included there. So, just take a shot of him. And did you ever see anyone who didn’t want to appear on TV?”

The current documentary is to be aired as ‘Dr. Han Myungjin’s story.’

Such a famous doctor has extolled another doctor by the name of Lee Suhyuk.

Even in the operating room, Han quietly watched him performing the surgery with a proud look.

A doctor recognized by the famous doctor, Dr. Han Myungjin.

The figure of Lee Suhyuk was a very important character in the current documentary.

“I’ll get you if I don’t find Dr. Lee’s face in your shots.”

“.....”

“Answer me!”

“Yes, sir. Got it!”



Tick. Tick.

The second hand pointed to 4am.

Exhausted with fatigue, Kim was sitting on the lobby bench.

At that moment Suhyuk came out of the patient’s room.

“You look very tired, so please go home and take a rest.”

“Were you done with checking the patients for the day?”

"I've got one more patient."

Nodding his head slowly, Kim asked to shake hands with him.

"Ok, let me go home then. Thanks a lot for your work for the past seven days."

Suhyuk held his hands.

"You, too, had lots of hard times, Mr. Kim."

Suhyuk really felt relieved now. He would not do it never again.

"Though I feel it regrettable that I can't see your face, there might be chance for me to see you on TV, or next time."

At his words, Suhyuk nodded his head gently.

"Take care, then!"

Parting with him, Kim got on the elevator to go down, and Suhyuk was able to confirm it.

Only then could Suhyuk breathe a sigh of relief.

Still he did not remove his mask. Though he felt very stuffy because of the mask he was wearing for one week, he just put up with it with perseverance.

So, he saw the last patient of the day, and headed home.



An emergency staircase right beside the lodging that Suhyuk went into...

A door closed tightly opened slightly. And a guy came out from there quietly.

He checked the time on his cell phone.

4:20am.

When 30 minutes more passed, he turned off the power of his cell phone.

He grabbed the door latch cautiously, and turned it.

Jolt!

The door opened.

Chapter 107

The documentary 'Noted Doctor Han Myungjin' was broadcast nationwide.

And one day passed.

"You must be upset, sir."

The nurses came up to Suhyuk with a blank face for words of comfort.

Other doctors appeared on the documentary, but Suhyuk was only seen sleeping.

"I'm alright..."

Letting out a long breath, Suhyuk moved to make the rounds.

Then Park Sungjae grabbed him and said, "Did you have a good sleep, sir?"

Suhyuk made a bitter smile. Did he sleep well enough?

"Let's go, sir."

When Suhyuk moved, Park followed him.

Per Im Gyongsu's direction, he had Park take care of simple stuff such as blood collection, disinfection of a surgery area, dressing, etc.

Of course, Suhyuk watched Park carry out his duty quietly.

On such occasions, patients made some pitiful look at Suhyuk.

"What a pity he was seen only sleeping in the documentary!"

"Among other doctors Dr. Lee should have been seen most."

Hearing such gossip, Suhyuk just came in and went out of the patient's rooms.

But that was it. Nothing more happened.

All he could notice was another appreciation of his face by those acquaintances of his at the hospital. Suhyuk felt his uneasiness was going away for some reason.

Was it a useless worry on his end?

Making the rounds of the patient's rooms, he gave Park the assignments of the day.

"Please get the consent for the CT from the patient with liver laceration, and let me know as soon as his CT is taken."

Nodding his head, Park opened his mouth, "Sir, when you want to apply a needle in the belly..."

Park suddenly took his question back, when Suhyuk was turning around to see him.

"I didn't hear you well. Can you tell me again?"

"No, never mind it. Let me go and take the CT."

Then Park turned back quickly to head to the imaging room.

"Huuuuuuh..."

He let out a sigh of relief before he knew it.

If he had asked him his question, he would not have breathed well, digesting his vast knowledge of that specific question.

It would be much better for him to ask Im Gyungso, even if he got scolded.

Park's gait was much faster now because he was afraid he might be called back by Suhyuk.

It was the best policy for him not to be caught by Suhyuk as much as possible.

Suhyuk smiled at Park's appearance from behind.

Park had the right attitude to learn, and once given an order, he moved fast to handle it.

He felt Park would be a good doctor.

Of course, Suhyuk never knew what Park was really thinking.

Besides, he did not know either what was going on in the internet since the documentary was aired.

<I found out which hospital Dr. Lee was working at>

<Oh! It was Dr. Lee Suhyuk who wore a mask. Even his sleeping face is cute!"

<How come ordinary citizens could recognize such a doctor? Looks like he might be called an entertainer soon>



Suhyuk was watching the monitor quietly.

He was the patient with liver laceration.

On the monitor there was no blood pool, no inflammation.

Depending on his condition over the next few days, he could get discharged if he regained energy.

Suhyuk talked to Park looking at it next to him, "What do you think about his condition?"

Park was looking into the monitor closely.

If he could not answer, he would get a good scolding.

"Looks like it's normal, sir."

Suhyuk smiled at his hesitant reply, saying, "You're right. But it's important to keep an eye on it because..."

At that moment his cell phone buzzed.

Looking at it, he made a curious expression.

The call was from the hospital director.

"Yes, this is Lee Suhyuk, sir."

"Long time no see. Are you busy now?"

"Not really, sir. What is it?"

"Can I see you for a moment? I've got a favor to ask of you."

What could it be?

He could not figure out the reason however hard he thought of it.

"I'll be right there, sir."

He instantly moved, saying to Park, "Have a break here."

Park did not respond. He waited until Suhyuk was gone, and then went to see Im.

Suhyuk headed straight to the hospital director's office.

His secretary welcomed him, saying, "Hi, Dr. Lee. I saw you on TV."

With a bitter smile he opened his mouth, "Is the director in?"

"Yes, wait a moment."

She let him know Suhyuk was here.

A middle-aged man sitting against the background of the outside landscape through a wide window. Director Jang Kitaek offered him a seat.

"Have a seat. You want coffee or juice?"

Putting his cell phone down, Jang sat across him, saying, "How is your life here? Can you manage it?"

"It's fine, sir."

Jang smiled, shaking his head as if he could not believe him.

"You must be very busy. Doctors are short-handed all the time. They should take care of their health under that kind of situation, and they should know how to take a break sometimes..."

Suhyuk nodded his head lightly, asking him, "Any reason you brought me here?"

"Oh, you must be hot-tempered... Do you know how to treat patients?"

Suhyuk made a blank expression at Jang's question out of nowhere.

"There are so many patients in the lobby waiting for your treatment."

Actually the hospital lobby was crowded with patients who wanted to be treated by

Suhyuk.

There was no way of knowing how many more would come.

The patients would not go back even if they heard that they could not see him.

Even a certain patient shouted back when he was rejected.

Almost 30 patients had to be turned back in the morning.

Jang was afraid that the hospital's image would get damaged because of that.

"Yes, I think I could treat them..."

Jang asked some doctors about him a moment ago, who all said Suhyuk was a competent doctor even though he was only a first-year resident.

Besides, there were lots of praises about him everywhere.

He could believe it because reliable doctors testified to it.

"After lunch, please take care of those patients."



There took place a very unusual thing.

Daehan University Hospital belonged to the third category of places for treatment.

Without referrals from the first or second category places, it was difficult for patients to be treated at the third category place, because they did not do general practice.

Of course the patients could get the treatment there, but their paperwork is usually handled by the emergency team with no coverage of insurance.

But a special arrangement was made today so that Daehan Hospital could provide an ad hoc office for general practice. The office in the corner of the 2nd floor was emptied, with a nameplate hung in front of the door. <Dr. Lee Suhyuk>

Inside Suhyuk looked around, scratching his head.

When he came there right after lunch, such an office for general practice was installed immediately.

The door opened, and a nurse put down lots of paper with simple personal information about the patients.

The paperwork of patients seeing him in order was piled up one by one on the table.

Looking at them blankly, Suhyuk asked, "What's all this?"

"They're all here to see Dr. Lee."

With a smile, the nurse opened her mouth, looking at him, "You must feel good as you have so many patients."

She meant it. It seems all those patients waiting came here to see him.

"As this is a makeshift office, we still can't work electronically. As soon as you're done treating patients, you can give it to the patient after filling out the prescription."

"Got it."

When she went out, Suhyuk let out a long breath, but soon brightened his expression.

Accepting new patients was always the same for him.

Then the first patient came in. Her name was Oh Jina, 20 years old.

Suhyuk said first, "How are you?"

"Wow! You look much better than on TV. You're really handsome!"

'Isn't it strange that she began with talking about my appearance? Isn't it normal she mentions her symptom first?'

"Thanks. What brought you here?"

"Oh, I have stomach ache. I had a diarrhea. Yesterday I was 'admitted into the restroom' all day long."

Smiling at her witty remarks, Suhyuk opened his mouth, "Can I touch your belly?"

"Of course."

Suhyuk took his stethoscope to her stomach. He heard something growling inside.

Then he pressed around her navel to check if she felt any pain there.

“Do you feel any pain here?”

She shook her head. Then he put his hand on her forehead, saying, “You’ve got a fever.”

“Right, doctor?”

With a smile he nodded his head, asking, “Do you see any bloody excrement or have any dizziness?”

“No, just diarrhea.”

Suhyuk smiled as she was fortunate.

“Looks like it’s simple enteritis.”

“If it’s simple, that means I can get treated quickly, right?”

Suhyuk nodded and said, “You don’t have to get a shot. Instead let me give you a prescription.”

Writing down a prescription, he handed it to her.

“Thank you, doctor.”

“Just give it to the nurse.”

After stealing another glance at him, she was about to turn back when Suhyuk said, “I’m not done yet...”

She sat back on the chair.

Suhyuk explained to her about her disease, so she could understand easily.

“Most enteritis is caused by harmful bacteria from foods. It is in the same category as food poisoning. You said you’ve been ‘admitted into the bathroom’ because of enteritis, so you’ll be careful next time, right?”

She nodded.

“For the time being, it is good to eat a meal that is good for digestion. Of course, you can have food with lactic acid bacteria. Lactic acid bacteria keeps down the growth of bad cells in the body. Please stay away from fatty foods, salty foods, milk, fruit and cold foods.”

Hearing his explanation, she made a big smile without realising it

She could understand exactly why he was so famous.

Even though she did not ask first or even if she was not curious enough, he initiated an explanation like this.

It was the first time she met a doctor like this.

“Thank you. Doctor.”

Rising from the seat, she cautiously opened her mouth, “Sir, can I take a picture with you?”

Suhyuk, scratching his head, posed with her for a picture.

Oh Jina went out and in came the next patient.

“Uh?”

Suhyuk’s eyes opened wider.

An old woman holding a black bag.

She was that very woman who, living in the shanty town, had drunk milk mixed the seeds of Angel’s morning glory flowers at the Hannul Park.

“Who is this? Our dear Dr. Lee, your cheeks are sunken in!”

That was just the beginning.

Chapter 108

The old woman rubbed his shoulders with her hands.

Her wrinkled eyes were as warm as ever as if she was greeting her own grandchild.

Offering her a seat, Suhyuk opened his mouth, "How have you been?"

"I'm always doing well. Are you working without eating meals on time?"

"Oh, I'm eating well. Do you have any pain?"

"No, I don't. I just came here to see you. I just wanted to come to see you someday, but completely forgot. Then you were suddenly on TV!"

Having said that, she offered a black bag.

"What is this?"

Looking inside it, he made a gentle smile. It was potatoes.

"If you boil it, it tastes so good. So, put it somewhere and eat it when you're hungry."

Suhyuk smiled brightly after accepting them without hesitation.

"You don't grind the seeds to mix with milk, right?"

"No. As soon as I went home, I threw them all away. I was stupid enough to have made many people worried about me for that," answered she, as if she was sick and tired of it.

Suhyuk wore a bitter expression. Even though she was good-hearted and generous, she had no family. Her children, who contacted her on and off, lost track of her at the end of the day.

Surely they would get punishment as they left behind such a good mother.

Suhyuk chuckled more brightly, saying, "Don't you feel any pain on your shoulders or pins and needles on your legs?"

"No, I'm really fine."

Then she held his hands and stroked them cautiously, saying, “Your hands are so cute.”

Looking down at his hands quietly, she raised her head and said, “Thanks, thanks.”

“Is everyone doing fine there?”

He was inquiring after those old men and women in the shanty town.

“Of course, they’re doing well. Oh, dear. I think I’m holding a busy doctor for too long...”

Standing up, she said again, “Don’t skip your meals, and you have to take care of your health first and foremost. If you are sick, everything will crumble. I’ll see you later, then.”

When she turned around, he stood up quickly and opened the door.

“Please take care. And I’ll stop by someday.”

Yes, he will do so surely.

“You don’t have to, seeing as you’re busy. It would be a waste of time! Get back to work now!”

‘I’ll come and see you.’

She went back, and in came the next patient.

His name was Choi Gilsup, a 42-year-old man, and strangely enough, his name was familiar to him.

Choi, his wife, and a daughter, all came into the office.

“Hello, sir?”

“Hi!”

With a smile, he cast his eyes toward the woman.

When he looked at Choi, he recalled who he was.

He was the very patient whose leg had been stuck when a newly built house collapsed.

“How have you been, doctor?”

At Choi’s asking, Suhyuk made a gentle smile, “Good, of course.”

Suhyuk looked at his wife and child, with Choi standing next to them.

Without succumbing to the accident, Choi stood up on his own to support his family.

He looked to be in good condition.

“We were not sure what you liked... but this is a gift we’ve prepared.”

It was an import alcohol that seemed very expensive.

“I thought you were here because you’re sick...”

“I’m very healthy thanks to you, sir.”



6pm.

The official consultation hours were over.

Though Suhyuk said he could see more patients, his supervisors stopped him.

The makeshift office was against the regulation, and this was supposed to make those involved run into trouble. Not only protests from other hospitals but a big fuss could come out of it.

So, the hospital set up a policy to run the makeshift office for general practice for three days only.

Though he was done with treating patients, Suhyuk was still staying in the office.

With his eyes fixed at one corner, he scratched his head.

A lot of gifts were piled up there.

Healthy foods ranging from potatoes and import alcohol, to ginseng and green vegetable juice.

What should I do with all these...

His parents naturally came to his mind, and he made a smile.



It was the third day that Daehan Hospital opened a general practice office. Time passed fast, and Suhyuk was hectically busy treating the patients.

Sometimes he would pose with patients, and he felt much relieved to think of it as an extra service to them.

“Thank you.”

When the patient stood up, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “For the time being, stay away from drinking alcohol.”

Another patient quickly came in. Park Chanhee, a 37-year-old man.

He was in a neat suit, and sat on the chair with a smile.

Suhyuk asked softly, “Are you here due to any pain?”

“Hello, Dr. Lee. I’m not here due to being sick. I’m from Cheil Hospital.”

Suhyuk’s eyes became wider at his reply. Cheil Hospital was called a top hospital along with Daehan Hospital in Korea.

“Why are you here, by the way?”

“I just wanted to see you. Unless I come to see you like this, I was afraid I couldn’t meet you, as you’re quite busy.”

“Is that all you’re here for?”

Suhyuk’s tone changed. As he was not a patient, it’s better to get him out of the office quickly.

For the next patient was waiting.

“Here’s my business card.”

Suhyuk looked at the card. He was a general surgeon.

When he looked at him again, Park opened his mouth.

“Frankly speaking, our hospital would like to scout you. Of course, we’ll pay you more than Daehan Hospital.”

Having said that, Park read his countenance.

Generally speaking, a hospital needs famous doctors.

For they bring in lots of patients, and the prestige of the hospital is supposed to go up.

So, Cheil Hospital staff conducted a secret investigation into Dr. Lee Suhyuk.

Thought he just became a resident, there was universal praise of him at Daehan Hospital.

In short, he was a doctor with immense potential.

That was enough.

Taking his eyes off the card, Lee said, "Thanks for giving me such high praise."

Park rose from his seat, saying, "You don't have to reply right now. Please give it some thought and let us know."

Park headed to the door, and when he grabbed the door latch, he turned back, "I want you to know this, though. If you come over to our hospital, we'll offer you the best compensation in terms of benefits and pay. Goodbye, then."

He soon went out of the hospital.

'Cheil Hospital...'

When he was looking at the card, another patient came in.

Suhyuk smiled at the patient, "Come in!"

One more day passed and the temporary general practice was now over.

The hospital director let him take a day off, with words of appreciation.

As Suhyuk thought of taking a day off too, he felt good about it.

Getting up early in the morning, Suhyuk was moving some packages to a truck.

A one-ton truck was parked in front of Daehan Hospital.

All the packages were already loaded, which were the gifts he had received from the patients.

“This is the last package. Let’s go.”

Suhyuk got in the truck, along with the driver.

“What are all those packages?”

At his asking, Suhyuk just smiled, saying, “I just want to give them to my parents.”

“Wow! I’ve never seen such a huge number of gifts like this.”

The driver, feeling envious about his parents, thought of his son who went to college.

He did not have any expectations of him. The one thing he wished for, was for him to be a good doctor like Suhyuk sitting next to him.

He wanted to brag about his son proudly to others. Yes, bragging about his son.



The truck drove for about one hour, and arrived at his house.

His mother, who had a day off only one day of the week, came out to greet Suhyuk.

“Come on in, my son!”

When she reached out her hands, he hugged her with a smile.

She said, while hugging him, “What are all those things?”

“They’re gifts I received.”

The driver, who was watching the mother and son with a satisfactory look, smiled greatly.

“He is a devoted son. I envy you.”

Her warm smile brightened more. She said, stroking his shoulder, “You’re such a cute boy!”

“Let’s go in, mom.”

Suhyuk began moving the packages with the driver.

She also helped them, although Suhyuk asked her to stay away.

Soon all the packages were moved inside the house.

She began to lift the gift boxes one by one that were piled up high in the living room.

All sorts of gifts, ranging from ginseng and black onions, to wine, etc, which all were reputed to be good for the health.

“Who gave you all these gifts?”

“I received them from the patients.”

“All of them?”

He nodded his head.

“How thankful they are! This import alcohol seems to be very expensive. Let me give it to your daddy.”

Suhyuk smiled at that.

“Oh, do you want lunch? Did you have breakfast?”

He shook his head and said, “I’m hungry.”

Rising from the floor, he dusted off his hands.

“Wait a moment. Let me prepare lunch for you.”

Then his cell phone buzzed.

“Hey, Dongsu.”

“Oh, you take my call right away. Are you not busy now?”

“Looks like you’re not either.”

“Are you busy? I finish work a bit early today for the first time in a long time.”

“Well, I’m at home now as I have a day off today.”

“Great. How about soju with grilled pork belly at a nearby restaurant?”

“Ok, give me a call when you’re done.”

Hanging up the phone, he dined with his mother, and ate the delicious fruits that she

peeled for him.

His happy time with his mom passed quickly, and it was already the evening.

His father was pop-eyed at the many gift boxes.

“What are all those boxes?”



Going out, Suhyuk moved to the place he was supposed to meet Dongsu.

The weather was good, and the occasional wind made him feel cool.

Soon, Suhyuk arrived at the restaurant and went inside.

As it was the weekend, it was crowded with customers.

He took a seat, when Dongsu opened the door.

“Hey, Lee Suhyuk!”

Suhyuk smiled at him. Though he saw Dongsu after such a long time, he felt just congenial to him as if he was a friend he met only yesterday.

“Didn’t you order yet? Auntie!”

Soon, side dishes and grilled pork belly were served.

When the meat was getting cooked well, Dongsu raised his soju cup.

“Today, soju feels sweet.”

“Hey, slow down, man. You might completely black out.”

“You’re supposed to drink soju quick from the beginning, man.”

Their drinking time was not short. They consumed as many as six bottles of soju.

Dongsu rested his chin on his hands, which suggested he was drunk, given his drinking pattern.

He was murmuring incomprehensible words.

Suhyuk drank up some more soju.

“Huuuuuh...”

When he let out a little breath, Suhyuk thought of one thing on his mind.

“We’ll give you better compensation than Daehan Hospital.”

At the same time he thought of his mother preparing food in the kitchen and the dust on his father’s clothes after he returned home from work.

While Dongsu was murmuring alone, he refilled his own cup and drank it up.

Suhyuk took out the business card from his wallet and looked at it quietly.

How much time passed?

“Yes, this is Park Heechan.”

“Hi, this is Lee Suhyuk.”

Chapter 109

“Thanks for calling me. I’ve been waiting for your call.”

Suhyuk smiled at his bright voice.

“Hello? I can’t hear you well because it’s noisy around you there.”

“Wait a moment.”

Suhyuk went out of the restaurant.

Left alone, Dongsu was dozing off at the table and murmuring.

“Yes, it’s you, man... I’ve got this evidence against you. If you keep making excuses, I’ll get you...”

Though the grilled pork belly restaurant was crowded, Dongsu’s closed eyes would not open.

How long passed?

Suhyuk, coming back from outside, paid the bill and came back to the table.

And he filled his cup with soju. Looking at it quietly, he then drank it all up. He did so several times.

Wiping off his lips wet with soju, Suhyuk smiled at his friend, saying

“Dongsu, let’s go home.”

But he would not move, with his face down on the table.

Then Suhyuk rose from the seat, but he tottered, as he was very drunk.

Putting his hand on the table, he barely regained his balance.

At the same time a bottle of soju fell onto the floor and broke.

The owner came up and said, “Are you okay?”

“Sorry, sir.”

Suhyuk lifted up Dongsu and said, “Dongsu, let’s go home. Stand up.”

No response, just like before. After some effort, Suhyuk lifted him, holding his arm.

Only then did he half open his eyes.

“Okay, let me treat you at another place. Let’s go!”

Suhyuk took him out, feeling the cool air blowing toward him occasionally.

“Come to your senses, man!”

Still, he was tottering, leaning against Suhyuk. Suhyuk did, too.

He was just a bit less intoxicated than Dongsu.

Dongsu was closing his eyes, with his head down.

“Are you sleeping?”

Shaking his head, Suhyuk said again, “Dongsu, I’m not sure if what I said was good.”

Then, some sort of slurred words were coming out of his mouth, “Yes, you’re my friend, man. Good job, good job.”

Having said that, he became silent.

Suhyuk chuckled.

“Do you know Cheil Hospital?”

Of course, it’s impossible he could not know such a big hospital. But no answer came from him.

Suhyuk continued, “They say they would pay me a lot if I moved there. But I rejected their offer.”

For a moment silence prevailed.

Under the streetlights there were some people passing by occasionally.

“Was it a good decision?”

Still no reply came from Dongsu.

Letting out a long breath, he looked up at the night sky.

When was the last time he looked up at the stars?

As he gazed at them for quite a long time, the stars seemed to twinkle more brightly.

It was now almost 2am.

When Dongsu became sober, Suhyuk sent him home by taxi and silently opened the door of his house. He moved quietly so as not to wake his sleeping parents.

Then he heard noise from TV in the lobby.

His mother was asleep on the sofa, holding a remote control.

Obviously she fell asleep waiting for him. He cautiously took the remote control from her hand and turned off the TV, and he brought a blanket and covered it over her gently.

He sat on the floor, leaning against the sofa. He turned his head toward her and looked at her, saying to himself, *"Mom. I'm sorry. Wait a little more... just a little more."*

He still had a lot of things to do at Daehan Hospital.

Patients looking for him.

The old woman who had milk mixed with Angel's morning glory seeds, the little girl who he thought had been abused... He might not be able to see them again.

And when the day came when he had to leave Daehan Hospital, he would not go to Cheil Hospital. He wanted to go to a larger hospital, one which was his own decision to go to and not by someone else's will.

Suhyuk, who was murmuring as if he was whispering to his mother, rose up.

Then she showed a smile, tossing and turning.

Suhyuk, too, smiled.

It looked as if his mother was saying something with a smile, *"Cheer up, my son!"*



Ding dong!

Suhyuk opened his eyes at the sound of the doorbell.

Getting up from the bed slowly, he checked his cell phone.

Did Dongsu return home safely?

Then the doorbell rang again.

He went to the living room, with his buzzing cell phone left behind.

He could call Dongsu later.

“Who is it?”

Suhyuk opened the door to find that it was Dongsu.

Scrutinizing Suhyuk from head to toe, he shook his head, asking, “Were you sleeping until now, not knowing what time it was?”

“It’s 8am.”

“Is it okay for a doctor to be so lazy?”

Having said that, he came into the living room as if it was his own house.

“Mom, dad, it’s me Dongsu.”

“They’re out for work already.”

“I see...”

Dongsu put down a bag he was carrying on his shoulder, and sat on the sofa.

“What’s that?”

At his asking, Dongsu made an unbelievable look, “Don’t you remember we agreed to go fishing today?”

No, he did not make that promise to him.

“Did you have a weird dream?”

Dongsu shook his head from side to side.

“You don’t remember anything as you were completely drunk yesterday.”

Suhyuk made a blank face because he never said anything about fishing.

“What’s this, anyway?”

Rising from the seat, he went to the kitchen, and took off a paper covering something.

“Wow...”

Dongsu swallowed his saliva from seeing lots of delicious side dishes there.

“Can I eat this?”

Shaking his head, Suhyuk brought spoons and chopsticks to the dining table.

“What the hell are you talking about fishing all of a sudden?”

Eating hurriedly, Dongsu said absent-mindedly, “Any particular thing to do today?”

Suhyuk had nothing particular because he had a day off during the weekend.

“Which fishing place are you going to?”

“Just follow me. Wow! Your mother really cooks delicious food!”

Shaking his head, Suhyuk began eating.

Going out, casually dressed, Suhyuk got in Dongsu’s car.

They left in no time, and the music from the car radio made him feel drowsy.

Looking out the car window quietly, Suhyuk closed his eyes before he knew it.

Dongsu, holding the steering wheel, glanced at him.

How long did they drive for?

“Wake up, man!”

Suhyuk woke up at his voice.

Before their eyes there was a cool reservoir surrounded by swinging reeds.

When they got out the car, the smell from the reservoir tickled their noses.

Stretching himself, Dongsu glanced at Suhyuk, saying, "How about it? It's cool, right?"

Suhyuk smiled, saying, "Yeah, so cool."

"Okay, take it."

Dongsu gave him a fishing case, and he opened it. He took out some spring water, some ramen, a burner, etc.

"Let's go, man."

Dongsu walked ahead, followed by Suhyuk.

As they walked near the lake, Dongsu looked around here and there because he could not find a good place for fishing.

"How about the opposite side?" said Suhyuk.

Like he said, there were some people enjoying fishing on the other side.

Nobody was seen on their side.

"What a bother, man! Let's fish here," said Dongsu.

Dongsu began treading on the rough reeds.

Seeing him, Suhyuk shook his head.

Suhyuk also began moving like Dongsu, and they soon made a fishing spot.

They opened the trunk and took out a fishing rod.

"Can you do it for me?" said Dongsu, offering a styrofoam box to Suhyuk.

"What?"

Having said that, Suhyuk opened the box, and inside were lugworms wiggling in some dust.

Chuckling, Suhyuk asked, "Can't you touch a lugworm?"

Dongsu made a frown, replying, "I hate it the most in this world."

“Then you should have bought paste bait, man.”

“I heard that they catch a lot of fish using lugworms in this place though.”

“Give it to me.”

Dongsu moved his fishing rod to Suhyuk’s place. Suhyuk held a fish hook and put a lugworm on it carefully. Then, Dongsu threw it into the water, and so did Suhyuk.

Sitting on the chair, Suhyuk was looking at the float on the water. He has never done any fishing except for times when he followed Dongsu’s fishing trips.

Dongsu took a glance at Suhyuk. He could not find any trace of agony from Suhyuk’s face.

He thought he had done the right thing when he brought Suhyuk here.

Then Dongsu’s cell phone buzzed.

“Let me come back quickly after the phone call.”

Dongsu answered the phone at a distance from Suhyuk.

“Yes, this is prosecutor Kim Dongsu.”

“Hey, didn’t I tell you to report to work today?”

“Oh, I took a vacation leave today.”

“Do you think it’s just enough if you’ve submitted a vacation request? You should get the approval before taking leave. Don’t you know we’re busy today? Where are you now? Come back now!”

“Hello, hello, I can’t hear you. I’m now in a remote place where the cellphone reception doesn’t work well. I’ll call you back later.”

Dongsu cut off the phone, and even turned it off.

Poking it deep into his pocket, Dongsu went back to Suhyuk.

When he got back, Suhyuk was watching the bobber quietly.

Dongsu smiled at him, and thought to himself, *‘What would I be doing now if I had not met Suhyuk back then? Most likely I would have been doing manual labor or wielding*

my fists as a gangster. Maybe both. Lee Suhyuk, you're really a man of blessing to me.'

Sitting on the chair, he asked like before.

"Isn't it cool?"

Looking at the landscape slowly, he opened his mouth, "Yeah, it's cool."

Then Suhyuk's eyes glittered because the bobber, which had no sign of moving up to now, began bouncing up and down, and then went inside the water.

Suhyuk rolled up the fishing reel quickly.

The fishing line became tense, and the hooked fish seemed to be pulling the fishing line, moving from left to right. It must be a big fish, given the heavy feel he had on his hands.

Suhyuk slowly wound the reel, when Dongsu grumbled, "Damn it..."

Turning to him, Suhyuk cast his eyes down.

He saw some bleeding on his calf, who rolled up his pants.

Suhyuk held the reel back, then looked back at him quickly.

A long, limp object was in his hand. It was a snake whose color paired with a magpie, called a Short-tailed Viper Snake.

Suhyuk threw away his fishing rod, took off his shirt and tightened his thigh with it.

"What are you doing, man?"

Dongsu opened his mouth, looking at the snake he was holding.

"Stay quiet!"

Suhyuk turned back his head quickly, and saw a black bag containing spring water and ramen.

Chapter 110

“Tighten it like that! Call 911 now.”

Suhyuk shouted.

Dongsu gripped his thigh tightly and pressed his cell phone button.

“What bad luck...”

Suhyuk quickly grabbed the bag, and splattered the spring water over his calf.

He put the vinyl bag on his calf, and sucked the blood.

As he had his tooth cavity treated as a child, he could not do it with his bare mouth now.

If his friend poisoned, there was no way he could not do anything.

“Am I dying?”

“What the hell are you talking about? I’m here to help you out.”

Suhyuk did not stop sucking the blood. When he did blow hard, blood came out through the vinyl bag on his calf. That was about all he could do in this situation.

“Hello, I was bitten by a viper snake. My location is...”

It seemed that about five minutes passed since Dongsu was bitten, but he showed no symptoms.

It was fortunate for him.

“I feel dizzy...” said Dongsu.

Suhyuk’s face hardened at Dongsu’s calm voice.

“Don’t make a joke,” said Suhyuk.

Looking at Suhyuk, he smiled. Then Dongsu opened his mouth, “Let’s wait up there as the ambulance is arriving here soon.”

“You had better stay here,” replied Suhyuk.

If he was moving, it would quicken the flow of blood containing the poison, which was not good for him.

Squatting on the ground, Dongsu said, “What the heck are we doing here as we’re on an outing here after such a long time.”

Chuckling a bit, Dongsu looked up at the sky.

White clouds were drifting away peacefully.

He felt the pain, caused by the snake bite, was disappearing slowly.

Suhyuk put his hand on Dongsu’s chest to check his heartbeat.

Typically, a normal heart pulse for normal people is 66~85 beats per minute.

Dongsu’s pulse was must faster than that.

Though he made a comfortable look, it was the opposite in his mind.

Suhyuk put him at ease as best he could.

A cool wind was blowing through the reeds.

Dongsu said, “I feel much better now.”

Then they heard the sound of an ambulance in the distance.

Arriving at their place, the rescue crew got off.

“Here. We’re here!”

They rushed toward them.

“You said you were bitten by a snake?”

“Yes, please transport him to the nearest hospital.”

One of the crew checked his calf, and the other member asked Suhyuk.

“Did the snake flee?”

“Here it is.”

When Suhyuk moved, the crew member followed him.

There they found a limp snake on the grassy ground. Checking it, the crew member turned to Suhyuk, asking, “Didn’t you say he was bit by a short-tailed viper snake?”

“Yes, that’s what I said...”

The crew member wearing gloves tapped the snake lightly.

“Looks like you were confused because ashes were on it.”

The black and white ashes on the snake were dusted off.

“It’s possible that you were confused in an emergency situation. This is not a short-tailed viper snake, but a water snake which has no poison.

Suhyuk scratched his head, relieved.

When he looked at Dongsu, he was walking with difficulty, helped by a crew member.

Approaching Dongsu, he said, “I’m sorry, I was wrong.”

Dongsu made a curious look at his remarks.

“They say it’s not a viper snake.”

Dongsu blinked his eyes at his remarks, then turning to the crew member.

“Well, this is a water snake with no poison, called Mujachi.”

Dongsu said, “Well, I still feel dizzy.”

“Maybe it’s your own feeling.”

Then Suhyuk said, “Just disinfection, please!”

As Dongsu had a shot of tetanus about one year ago at Daehan Hospital, disinfection alone was more than enough.

So after, they resumed fishing again.



After a troublesome break at the fishing place, Suhyuk was now back home.

It was 5pm when he arrived home.

He had to come back quickly because Dongsu was busy.

As soon as he gave him a ride, Dongsu went back to the prosecutor's office right away.

After taking a shower, he went out. Then he met his mother who just got back from work.

"Son, did you eat?"

"Yes, I just came in after dining with Dongsu."

"Good! Why did you wash the dishes? I told you not to."

"Well, because I felt bored."

With a smile, she gestured toward him to sit beside her.

"I want to donate some of the gifts you brought to an orphanage. What do you think?"

Suhyuk tilted his head because the gifts were all health foods.

They were not for children.

Reading his mind, she opened her mouth, "I hear the orphanage is opening a flea market. I hear many people are donating the kind of gifts you brought here, so they can sell them to help the orphanage..."

With a pleasant smile, he nodded his head.

"Did you put away some gifts for you and dad?"

"Sure, the very best of them."

"Okay, mom, Just go ahead."

Then, she called somewhere, saying, "Is this Hanmaum Orphanage? My son says he wants to donate some gifts. Yes, yes. By the way, the gifts we have are quite a few..."

Talking over the phone for a while, she hung up the phone, and patted him on the shoulder.

“How good-hearted you are, boy!”

Suhyuk felt once again how good-hearted she was.

“Son, let me come back in a minute. Take a break here.”

“Let me go with you, mom.”

In about 20 minutes, there arrived a small truck in front of the house.

There were lots of stuff on the truck, an indication that it was sent by the orphanage.

Suhyuk and his mother moved all the gifts for donation to the truck.

The driver also helped them, saying, “looks like you’re selling health foods.”

At his remarks, Suhyuk and his mother just smiled.

Soon the gifts were loaded onto the truck, and it took about 30 minutes to the orphanage.

Getting off the truck, Suhyuk looked at the open playing field of the orphanage.

Some of the children were playing soccer.

Dingdong, dingdong...

A bell resonated at the orphanage.

Holding a package, the driver asked, with a smile, “Did you have dinner?”

It was a bell ringing for dinner time.

“Son, shall we go for dinner?”

Guided by the driver, they headed for the dining room, walking along the winding hallway.

The hallway was clamorous with the voices of children playing and running to eat first.

Suhyuk found it lively, but at the same time he felt bitter.

These children had no families.

Then, a child fell down, and got up, rubbing his knee.

“Are you okay?” said Suhyuk, checking his knee.

“I’m alright, sir.”

The child got up suddenly, and ran again.

They soon arrived at the dining room.

“Don’t cut in line!”

“Oh, we have sausage on the menu today!”

Holding a metal tray, the children were lining up.

Suhyuk also took a tray and stood in the line.

His mother was at the office of the orphanage director.

The director wanted to treat her to coffee at her office.

Suhyuk looked around slowly.

The children varied in their ages, ranging from elementary school kids to high school students.

The whole dining room was full of children.

Soon, it was Suhyuk’s turn to get the food.

Getting rice, side dishes and soup, he took a seat.

“Who are you?” asked a boy on the opposite side.

Suhyuk said with a smile, “Oh, I’m here because I’m hungry.”

“Do you have no mommy and daddy, uncle?”

Suhyuk smiled bitterly. How can this boy with charming eyes utter such words calmly like that?

Was it because the child’s emotion was dried up? No, he might have buried his pent-

up yearning for his family deep in his heart.

Looking at the boy quietly, Suhyuk smiled at him.

The boy was looking squarely into his metal tray.

Suhyuk pushed it toward him gently.

“You can eat it, too.”

“Really?”

Suhyuk nodded his head.

The boy moved his fork, picking up the sausage only.

“What’s wrong with your face?”

At his asking, the boy answered, rubbing his face with a scab on it.

“I fell over.”

“Don’t you feel any pain?”

“No, sir. Thanks.”

Eating up sausage, the boy bowed his head and then disappeared.

With a gentle smile, Suhyuk began eating.

When he stood up after eating, a girl looking like a high school student passed by him, with a frown.

‘Is she sick?’

The girl was rubbing her stomach.

Looking at her quietly, he looked around like before.

Then he moved to someone who distributed food to the children.

“Where is the director’s office?”

“Go to the 3rd floor and turn left...”

He headed straight to the 3rd floor, and easily found it.

With a knock, he went into the office.

His mother was meeting face to face with a middle-aged woman.

“Oh, he’s my son.”

At her words, the director stood up with a bright smile.

“Thanks so much for the many gifts you’ve donated.”

Suhyuk opened his mouth, “I’m a doctor. Can I go see them?”

Chapter 111

“What do you mean?”

“Like I said, I’d like to see and check your children’s health conditions.”

His mother’s eyes became wide, but she made a smile in no time.

‘My son’s kind-heartedness never goes away!’

“Oh, you’re a doctor! You must be proud of your son, who’s tall and handsome,” The director said, smiling brightly, but her face soon became dark.

“What should I do? We don’t have a facility for you to do that. Though I appreciate the offer very much. How good-hearted you are!”

Suhyuk smiled, saying, “ It’s okay. I can go to their rooms. Do you have first-aid kits?”

“Oh, you don’t have to... I really mean it.”

Suhyuk made a smile again.

“I noticed wounds on some of your children here and there. Even small wounds can cause tetanus by inflammation.”

Pondering over his suggestion, the director soon showed a smile, saying, “Hold on a minute.”

When the director went out of the office, Suhyuk’s mother asked, “Are you not tired?”

“I’m okay, mom. It’ll take some time, so you can go home first.”

“How can I go home alone when my son is taking great pains here.”

Suhyuk smiled gently. Knowing she would not go home despite his strong urge, he did not ask her anymore.

“Okay, you can take a break here then.”

At that moment the director came back, with a large first-aid kit.

“This is all I have right now.”

Handed over the kit, he opened it to find all kinds of ointments, dressings and disinfection medicines. That was enough.

What was lacking was only a first-aid room.

As the orphanage was small, they did not install such a room.

“How many children are there?”

“Thirty three in total.”

“Got it.”

Looking at his mother, Suhyuk smiled at her.

“Ok, work hard, son!”

Suhyuk headed to the second floor, and moved to the nearest room.

The room was not large, with three double-beds.

Six children who seemed to be elementary school students sat at their desks, moving their pencils. They seemed to be doing their homework.

“Hello!”

At his voice, they turned their heads to him.

One boy opened his eyes wide. He was the very boy who picked up Suhyuk’s sausage at the dining hall.

“You must have been doing homework.”

“Yes,” said the boy, and then he fixed his eyes on the workbook, with a frown.

Suhyuk came closer to him, and saw that it was a math workbook.

“What year are you in?” asked Suhyuk.

“1st year, sir.”

With a smile, he stroke his head, “You must be smart.”

“I have to be smart because I want to be a doctor.”

“Why do you want to be a doctor?”

“My mother and father were in a traffic accident, but died because the doctors could not treat them. When I grow up and become a doctor, I’d like to treat such people.”

Suhyuk let out a silent sigh.

“Where did you fall?”

At his soft voice, the boy touched his chin with a scab on its wound.

“Oh, while I was going down the slide, sir.”

“Doesn’t it hurt?”

Suhyuk looked at his chin here and there.

“No, it doesn’t hurt at all.”

As the boy said, the wound was not deep, just some light bruises.

Suhyuk took out an ointment from the first-aid kit and applied it on his chin.

Then someone coughed from behind.

Suhyuk turned back, and said to him, “Do you have a cold?”

“No, sir. I just coughed.”

“Ok, let me see.”

Suhyuk opened his mouth, checking inside. His throat was not swollen, and there was no sign of dryness inside his mouth. Then he put his hand on the boy’s forehead.

No fever. He had only a light cold, and he needed no medicine in that case.

It was better for him not to do anything, so the boy can cure his cold naturally.

Then Suhyuk began moving around the rooms to check their health conditions.

Those in their late teens showed some annoyance, but Suhyuk did not care.

Fortunately, their condition was good enough overall.

Almost two hours passed since he started seeing the children.

Only one room was left, but it was closed firmly.

When he knocked on the door, someone opened, saying, "Who are you?"

A girl with short hair, who looked like a middle school girl, came out.

With a smile, Suhyuk said, "I'm here at the request of the director to check your health condition."

Then the girl's eyes became wider.

"Uh? Are you the doctor who appeared on TV?"

Suhyuk nodded his head.

"Is this a kind of volunteer activity?"

At her question, he nodded.

The room was not that different from other rooms, but as it was for girls only, there was a smell of shampoo and cosmetics in the air.

There were five in total in the room, two girls who seemed to be elementary school students, two who were middle school students, and one high-school girl wearing earphones.

She was the girl he saw at the dining room.

Then, they all turned their eyes to Suhyuk.

"Uh? Dr. Lee Suhyuk?"

All, except for one girl, recognized his face.

"Hi, everyone?"

"Hi, sir."

At their shy reply, Suhyuk waved his hands. Then a girl lying on top of the double-bed opened her eyes. After looking down at him, she closed her eyes again, as if she was not interested.

“The reason I am here is to check your health conditions.”

Suhyuk gave them an easy explanation, and the children nodded their heads.

Everyone was all healthy, and their expression was bright, and they were very positive, too.

“Okay. if you don’t eat for reasons of dieting, it might do damage to your health in the long run. It could lead to voracity. And as I told you, you have to do exercises regularly. Got it?”

“Yes, sir!”

Then, Suhyuk cast his eyes at the girl on the double-bed, who seemed not to move as if she were sleeping. No, she was stroking her stomach.

“What’s her name over there?”

“Oh, sister Heyjin. Lee Heyjin.”

Suhyuk turned around and came to her.

She was wearing a long sleeves top and long pants.

“Your name is pretty.”

No response from her. Suhyuk looked at her stomach.

When he saw her at the dining room, she was holding her stomach with her hand, making a frown. And even now...

“Heyjin?”

She knitted her brows, and opened her eyes.

“Why?”

“You seem to have pain in your stomach. Are you okay?”

“None of your business!”

She then put her earphones back into ear and closed her eyes.

“What a scary sister!”

The other girls were shaking their heads.

“She is a very good-hearted sister. She washes clothes for us sometimes, and buys delicious food with her own pocket money...”

Suhyuk looked at her again. She now turned her back, lying on the bed.

“Heyjin!”

“I’m fine, so would you just go away?”

Suhyuk made a bitter smile.

Then a girl said something from behind, “She looks upset like this because she was scolded by the director.”

When he made a puzzling expression, the girl whispered to him, “She’s getting scolded by the director every day these days.”

Nodding his head, he turned her head a bit to his side.

“Heyjin, just a moment...”

“Oh my god...”

Lifting her upper body, she let out a long sigh. She then came down the bed and went out.

He shrugged his shoulder, and followed her.

He grabbed her hand, “Wait a moment, Heyjin!”

“Why are you doing this?”

She raised her hand to shake off his hand.

Then her long sleeves were rolled up to show some bruises.

Besides, there was a clear mark of a bruise on her neck.

Knitting his brows, he opened his mouth, “What is all this?”

“Please let go of me! It’s none of your business.”

“Yes, it is. I’m a doctor.”

"I have these bruises because I fell over, so never mind!"

Shaking off his hand, she went to the restroom in the hallway.

Then, it came to his mind what the girl before had told him.

"She is getting scolded by the director everyday these days"

When he was leaning against the wall, he heard her suppressed sobbing inside the restroom.

His face was hardening gradually.



Suhyuk headed directly to the director's office.

The director rose from her seat and grabbed his two hands.

"Thanks so much. Are our children all healthy?"

Looking at the director, he opened his mouth, "There is one patient student, who's thoroughly hurt in body and soul."

Aside from her body, Heyjin's heart was wrecked deeply.

Her quiet sobbing from the restroom was telling him so.

With her eyes open wider, she asked, "What are you talking about?"

"Well, I see marks of violence all over her body."

The director showed an embarrassed look, either that or she was astonished.

"Really, Heyjin?"

"Yes, she needs to be taken to a hospital right now for examination and necessary treatment. Do you agree?"

Suhyuk looked into her eyes squarely.

"I don't get it... Is she in the classroom now?"

The director moved quickly, but Suhyuk grabbed her hand.

“I asked you whether you agreed?”



Suhyuk moved by taxi, and Heyjin was sitting next to him.

Though she did not listen to him, shutting her ears with earphones, she agreed to go to the hospital at the director's simple direction.

They arrived at Daehan Hospital.

Suhyuk talked to her while they were entering the hospital, “We're going to do some simple tests, including blood collection and X-rays. So, don't be scared.”

She nodded her head without saying anything.

Then, intern Park bowed his waist as he was passing by.

“Did you have a good break, sir?”

Suhyuk passed him by with no words of response, just waving at him.

Suhyuk was looking through the whole window of the X-ray room.

On the spot Suhyuk fixed his eyes on, was a student lying there who was undergoing a bone scan. It was none other than Heyjin. Something glittering on her eyelids were running down.

That night was far from short.

Keeping silent until then, she broke down and let loose, telling her story with tears in streaming down her face.

Her story was a very long one.

The morning was breaking gradually, and Suhyuk was looking at the main gate of a school.

Heyjin and the director were seen beside him.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, “Let's go.”

Chapter 112

Passing through the gate, Suhyuk suddenly turned back.

The director was soothing Heyjin who was hesitant.

He felt some sort of hesitance from her attitude, as she seemingly did not want to move.

What kind of harassment did she go through?

There were marks of bruises all over her body. Even her belly, which doesn't normally get bruised, showed sign of ecchymosis.

"Heyjin."

At his voice, she slowly lifted her face.

"If you don't change now, nothing will change."

Suhyuk waited for her quietly.

Then his cell phone buzzed. It was a call from Im Gyungso.

Suhyuk took the phone at a distance from Heyjin.

"Yes, this is Lee Suhyuk."

"Where are you now?"

"I'm off today."

"What the heck are you doing now? Are you seeing patients even when you're off? Why don't you bring the patient here?"

Im could hear from Prof. Han Myungjin that Suhyuk took vacation leave, telling him something.

"We can't treat her at the hospital..."

"Hey, Park Sungjae! Collect blood from patient Jung Bogyong..."

Heyjin looked at him, hearing the scolding voice from his cell phone.

She was a patient that they could not treat at the hospital. Her condition was urgent enough that if she did not get treatment right now, her life could be put at danger.

A girl with a broken heart.

Like those harassed by violence at school, she might make an extreme decision.

'Before she did so, I have to hold her hand, who's now standing alone in the darkness.'

"Anyway, come back quickly. Do you think I should have to take care of this intern as a senior resident?"

"Yes, sir."

Hanging up the phone, Suhyuk came to Heyjin, "Let's go."

She held her school bag tight and nodded her head slowly.

The hallway was crowded with students coming to school.

Some were staggering their way to the classrooms, rubbing their sleepy eyes, while others were greeting their friends, waving their hands.

Heyjin was walking among them with her head held down.

Then, three girls in the front were walking toward her.

They were pretty, with an air of being rich girls.

Seeing them, her pupils trembled.

They scrutinized Suhyuk and the director, as if they were asking who are these strangers.

Then, they said to Heyjin, "See you later."

They left, but Heyjin's shoulders were still trembling.

The director pressed on Heyjin to move, while soothing her.

"Let's go, Heyjin."

She moved again, and glanced at Suhyuk next to her.

'Right... Unless I change, nothing will change.'

Sensing that she was looking at him, Suhyuk showed a smile at her.

It was a very reassuring smile.

They soon arrived at the staffroom of the school.

Looking inside, Suhyuk asked Heyjin, "Who is your homeroom teacher?"

"That man over there..."

He cast his eyes at the man pointed in the direction of her fingers.

A man in his late 40s was sitting on a chair.

Was his name Choi Jaechul?

Suhyuk came up to him and said, "How are you?"

Choi, working on something, turned his head, responding with, "Who are you...?"

Confirming his face, Suhyuk slowly nodded his head.

This was her homeroom teacher.

When Heyjin's hair had milk poured over it, she plucked up the courage to visit the staffroom.

This Choi called those students responsible for that act, and got them together for reconciliation.

She said it was not the first time. Repeatedly they had done so.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, "I'd like to see the principal."

"What do you want to see him for?"

Then Heyjin and the director came to him.

Choi said, rising from the seat, "How are you? Why did you come here suddenly without contacting me?"

"Because Heyjin was allegedly being harassed."

Choi's eyes became wide, and he looked at Heyjin.

"I didn't hear that from her. Is it true? Why didn't you tell me about it?"

Suhyuk said again, "I want to see the principal."

Heyjin's teacher did not care enough about her. Of course, he might not have got a scent of it or felt her a confounded nuisance. Thinking the teacher is closer to the latter, Suhyuk could not let him take care of her matter.

"Can you talk first with me?"

"Do you want me to call the police?"

"You don't have to call the police on this kind of play among the students. Let's talk between us. Heyjin, come here and sit down."

"Did you say it was prank among the students? Looks they are playing even to the point of getting bruises all over their bodies these days. Do you want me to search for the principal by myself or do you want me to call the police?"

At Suhyuk's rising voice, other teachers cast their eyes at him.

Choi knitted his brows, because if the police came, it would make the school embroiled in trouble and the principal would blame him for it.

It would be better for him to escort him to see the principal.

"Please follow me."

The principal's office was not far. When they opened the door, a woman in her early 50s rose from her seat. Her expression was not good as she had been tipped off by Choi.

"Have a seat."

Suhyuk, the director and Heyjin sat on the sofa.

The principal said first, "I'm sorry. I'm just ashamed. Heyjin, you have gone through a lot of hardship, haven't you? I wish I had found out about it sooner. I'm really sorry."

She could know her name because Choi tipped her off on it in advance.

Then, Suhyuk put down a piece of paper on the table.

“What is this?”

“It’s a medical certificate for Heyjin. Bring the students here. I want them punished.”

The reason he did not go to the police station first was to get their sincere apologies from them.

“Sure, absolutely. Heyjin, name those who harassed you.”

She looked at Suhyuk, who then nodded to her.

“Lee Subin, Oh Yerim, Kim Mina.”

The principal’s eyes became a bit wider.

Subin’s mother was the president of the school’s Mothers’ Association.

That meant she contributed a lot to the school. She had replaced the air conditioners in the staffroom, principal’s office and the break room. And she gave the principal kickback money every month.

“Yes, it’s natural you get apologies from them if they did you wrong.”

When the principal picked up the phone, Suhyuk’s calm voice came into her ears, “It’s only natural that they should apologize. It’s also natural for them to be punished.”

What was she thinking? Showing a bit of hesitance, the principal called somewhere.

“Mr. Choi, please bring Lee Subin, Oh Yerim and Kim Mina to my office.”

Sitting back on her chair, she made a regrettable expression.

“I’m sorry. As the principal, I should have...”

She continued to talk, but mostly focusing on her own responsibility.

Then the door opened, and in came the three students.

They were the very students who greeted Heyjin with a frown, in the hallway.

“Did you guys harass her?”

At the principal’s asking, the three made a puzzled expression.

Then Subin with her long straight hair opened her mouth, “We’ve never harassed her.”

The principal turned to Heyjin who was looking down at her feet.

“Heyjin.”

The reply came from Suhyuk who had been looking at them.

“Apologize to her.”

“What the heck is he talking about?”

“He sucks!”

The three students took a glance at him, murmuring among themselves. Though their voice was tiny, it still could be heard.

“Did you hear them? They have no manners at all.”

“Please call my mother.”

At Subin’s words, the principal took the phone.

After a short conversation with her mother, the principal opened her mouth, “I think you can understand that from the perspective of teachers, children can sometimes fight, and they get too close in the process. And it’s like growing pains.”

Then the principal looked at the students with a soft smile.

“Why don’t you apologize?”

Suhyuk stared at Heyjin, but made a smile soon after.

“I’m sorry, Heyjin.”

“Me, too.”

“Let’s be friends again.”

Suhyuk just made a contemptuous smile at them.

And he said to the principal, “Punishment. What are you going to do? I think expelling them is the right punishment.”

Actually that kind of punishment is rather light, compared to the harassment Heyjin had undergone, who thought the world of those at the orphanage.

“Please don’t focus on that kind of bad thing...”

The principal continued on and on.

And then a woman decorated with a famous handbag and other accessories appeared.

Looking around sharply, she opened her mouth, “Who is it? Who slandered my daughter Subin?”

The orphanage director sprang to her feet, demanding, “Slander? Our Heyjin is such a good girl. Your daughter created an atmosphere to outcast Heyjin!”

“Are you this girl’s mother?”

Scrutinizing the director from head to toe, she opened her mouth again, “Tut, tut, tut. That’s why those with no proper education at home are making trouble!”

“What the heck are you talking about?”

They were raising their voices higher and higher.

Tears were dropping from Heyjin’s eyes, who sat with her head down.

“Calm down. Just take a seat first.”

Rising from the seat, the principal tried to mediate between them.

“Subin, come here. Looks like she was very surprised by this sudden situation. Let her take early leave, or whatever.”

The three students moved closer to her now.

Then Suhyuk opened his mouth, “If you leave like this, you’ll regret a lot.”

Subin’s mother smiled contemptuously, and so did the three students.

“So, you’re going to report us to the police?”

Suhyuk said curtly, “Yes, I will.”

“Do whatever you want! I won’t sit idle, either. I’d sue you on charges of defamation. Do you know who my daughter is? She is the only daughter of the president of Mirae Electronics Co. Let’s go!”

Suhyuk looked at them quietly. Mirae Electronics, Mirae Electronics.

He heard it many times before. Was it a promising company?

It was not. Suddenly Suhyuk thought of one thing.

'It's called Mirae Electronics, which I'm putting a lot of investment into... '

A long time ago Mr. Kim Hyunwoo mentioned it to him.

Suhyuk approached Heyjin sitting on the sofa without moving at all.

Bending his knees, Suhyuk made his eyes meet hers, and wiped her tears with his thumb softly.

She was suppressing her crying, wiping tears with her both hands.

"Okay, you're doing fine," said Suhyuk.

It was not Heyjin who would shed tears, though.

Suhyuk rose from the sofa, and went to the window side.

The playing field and the school building came into his view.

Suhyuk took out his cell phone from his back pocket.

Can this school or the people here manage the upcoming misfortune?

He called somewhere. "It's me."

And then Suhyuk talked with three others over the phone.

And then they began to move.

Chapter 113

In the office of Mr. Kim Hyunwoo, the president.

Kim in a black suit took hold of a keyphone and called somewhere.

“Wow, it’s a great honor for you to give me a call first like this. Did you have lunch, sir?”

“Oh, yes. I ate until I’m full.”

“I think I have to treat you, but I’ve been in Philippines for one month.”

“As you say you’re busy, I feel good. Now all you have to do is to rake in the money.”

“Hahaha... I owe all this to president Kim Hyunwoo. I’m always thankful to you.”

Suddenly his glittering eyes full of greed came to Kim’s mind.

Lee Dongman, who assumed the power of president only one year ago. As the previous president passed away because of cardiac infarction, Lee took his place.

There flared some controversy over his taking over the position such as a behind-the-scene conspiracy or mobilization of gangsters, but Kim did not care.

Unlike the previous president, Lee Dongman’s way of doing business made him frown.

As he had found out, the kind of business he had been doing so far was wine and dine for his business partners, with boxes containing cash for them.

When Kim first met him, Lee’s flattering and walking on eggshells around him was an eyesore to him.

Kim had forgotten Lee for a long time, but Suhyuk’s call suddenly reminded him of Lee.

Kim could make a judgment, namely, if such a figure is the president of Mirae Electronics, this company would not be able to grow under his leadership.

More than that, he would sue his nephew-like Suhyuk for defamation?

Lee’s wife and daughter exactly resembled him in terms of their behavior.

While Lee continued to flatter Kim, he just smiled, saying, “You seem very busy, but I’m afraid I have to make you busier.”

“Wow! Are you thinking of helping me more? I am just so, so thankful to you...”

“I think the company bonds’ maturity comes to an end this month, right? “

“Oh, yes. Actually I was going to see you about that...”

“I’m going to collect on the debt without extending it. And the investment I mentioned to you separately is off!”

An urgent voice came out of the phone.

“President Kim, why are you saying that suddenly? Did I do anything wrong?”

“Well, because I feel bored.”

Talking with him shortly like that, Kim Hyunwoo hung up the phone.

Twisting his long legs, Kim stroked his chin, when the phone rang.

It was a call from Lee Dongman.

Rejecting it, Kim contacted his driver Kim for some direction, “Mr. Kim, as for our 10% equity in Mirae Electronics, just sell them at the lowest price. And tip the press on it, okay?”

“Yes, sir.”

Rising from the seat, Kim stretched himself fully.

He was overlooking high-rise buildings outside the window.

“What a nice weather today!”



Dongsu, who was at the interrogation room of the detectives department, rose from his seat, and he patted Heyjin on the shoulder lightly, seated on the opposite side.

“Don’t worry about anything.”

Heyjin nodded her head.

“Detective Choi.”

At his voice, a detective came to him.

“Please escort her to her house safely.”

“Yes, sir.”

The detective opened the door, when she turned back suddenly to look at Dongsu.

“Why? Do you have anything else to say?”

Heyjin shook her head from left to right, and she bowed her head, “Thank you.”

“You don’t have to thank me at all. You can say thank you to that meddlesome doctor.”

Soon Heyjin went out with the detective, and Dongsu sat before the laptop, and he read carefully an affidavit that he wrote by himself.

Not only extorting money but also torture using water.

They took off her clothes and attempted to film her. Fortunately she could escape from them.

Dongsu knitted his brows.

School violence was turning nastier by the day and being developed sophisticatedly.

Beating, extortion, threatening, murder and even suicide.

It was much like an organized gang.

What would have happened to Heyjin if Suhyuk had not found her?

The detectives department was in clamours with a woman’s voice.

“You guys are making a mistake. Don’t you know who I am? The moment you recognize me, you’ll have regrets.”

Picking his ears, Dongsu approached her.

“Are you Subin’s mother?”

She opened her mouth, scrutinizing him from head to toe, “Yes, who are you?”

“I’m the prosecutor in charge of this Lee Heyjin’s case.”

She made a frown suddenly, arguing, “What did my daughter do wrong? Did you see her? Any evidence?”

Dongsu smiled slightly, and turned his eyes toward the other girls.

“You guys did harass her, right?”

Hearing no reply from them, Dongsu nodded his head.

“Yes, you’re doing fine. You know how to exercise the right of silence, too. Most of the people here are doing it just like that. But they say the same thing at the end of the day, namely, ‘I’m sorry.’”

Subin’s mother had bloodshot in her eyes now, “You! Who’s your supervisor?”

Then a man came up to them. He was a lawyer she hired.

Soon the girls’ hardened faces became relaxed, and they took a glance at Suhyuk.

Dongsu could not help but giggle at that.

The lawyer opened his mouth right away, “How could you detain them without any warrant...”

Dongsu presented to him a piece of paper.

“It is still hot, isn’t it? It’s just been issued...”

The lawyer could not respond. Instead he let out a long sigh.

Dongsu was the very prosecutor who had two prosecutors involved in wrongdoing put in jail.

He was very famous even among lawyers. He would catch anyone who commits crimes.

When her lawyer became dumb as an oyster, she made a frown suddenly.

“Lawyer Kang! My daughter Subin...”

“Now I’m going to start interrogating her. If you make any further noise, I would assume it’s an obstruction of justice. Do you understand?”

Dongsu's smile was gone already.



Sweeping up her long brown hair, a lady was sneaking into the school gate.

She went into the school along with a man holding a camera.

With a little whisper, reporter Han Jihye opened her mouth, "Looks like this is our own scoop, as there are no other reporters."

"You're right. Daughter of Lee Dongman, president of Mirae Electronics, under investigation for harassment. What a big news story!"

"Shh! Your voice is too big, as the students are taking classes right now. Let's sit here for a moment."

She squatted on the stairs of the hallway, and the cameraman opened his eyes wider.

"Won't you go and cover the principal and the homeroom teacher?"

Shaking her head, she opened her mouth, "How many years have you worked with me?"

"Two years."

"You have a long way to go."

"What do you mean?"

"Just come to think of it. If you go and tell the principal and the teacher that we're here to cover school violence, do you think they would welcome you and grant an interview? If you were in their shoes, would you want to do that?"

He scratched his head, adding, "Maybe they're going to expel us."

"Yeah, as the image of the school is damaged, they would make a big fuss by threatening to call the police."

"What would you do then?"

When she gestured with her chin, he turned his head.

2nd Year 3rd Classroom.

“Let’s interview the students first.”

She beamed brightly, thinking to herself, *‘What a lucky charm he is.’*

What would the good luck charm Suhyuk be doing right now?

9pm that day.

News was coming out from the radio on the bus.

<Next news. As the stock of Mirae Electronics nosedived, its president, Lee’s daughter, is under investigation by police on charges of violence at school... >

The bus came to a stop with a shrieking noise.

Listening to the radio, Suhyuk got off the stop.

The white vinyl bag he was holding contained various medicines such as ointments to apply to wounds, etc.

Arriving at the orphanage, he went to the director’s office.

The noise of children resonated within the hallway.

Then a boy who just came out of the rest room noticed Suhyuk.

“Uh? Are you here again because you’re hungry? The meal time is already past.”

Suhyuk bent his knee and checked his face.

A scab on the wound fell off and new flesh was coming out in its place.

When Suhyuk smiled, the boy waved his hands, “Now I have to go to sleep. Come earlier next time.”

The boy said he wanted to be a doctor when he grew up.

If his dream does not change, one day he could see the boy again.

The director’s door was open.

Rising from the seat, she held Suhyuk’s hands with a bright smile.

“Thanks so much. I don’t know how to repay your help...”

Suhyuk handed her the medicine bag, saying, “These are the essential medicines for daily life. And the ointments with the names on are for Hayon, Jongwook, and...”

Tears fell down from the director’s eyes.

“How can I repay this... Thanks a million...”

Suhyuk made a bitter smile. When he saw the director at first, Suhyuk doubted her for a moment, though she was also such a good-hearted woman.

The children would grow up well because they had a good director like her.

“Goodbye then.”

When he was about to go out, Heyjin was standing there.

“Hi!”

“Are you leaving now, sir?”

Suhyuk nodded his head, saying, “I’ve got many patients waiting for me...”

“You’ll come back, won’t you?”

“Sure, if you call me.”

When Suhyuk was going out the door, the director followed him.

“Don’t come out.”

The director, somewhat hesitant, told Heyjin, “Go and see him off.”

So, both of them walked through the hallway and went out into the playfield.

Suhyuk took a glance at her walking by his side.

There was no mention of her name on the internet or in the press.

She appeared only as a ‘victim’, because he arranged it as such.

“I hear that you’re being transferred to another school?”

“Yes...”

“You can study well there, right?”

“Yes, I’m determined to change.”

They arrived at the main gate of the school.

“Take care, then.”

“Goodbye, sir.”

Nodding his head, he turned back.

Heyjin was looking at him disappearing into the distance quietly, taking her two hands to her mouth, she shouted, “Uncle Dr. Lee!”

Suhyuk turned back.

“If our children get sick, can I take them to see you?”

He made a smile, but he was seen nodding his head only.

“How can I find you at the hospital?”

“Look for Lee Suhyuk, Lee Suhyuk.”

Suhyuk was walking back, with his back against her, and Heyjin was repeating his name, “Uncle Lee Suhyuk, Lee Suhyuk...”

Chapter 114

Im Gyungso wore a bright look on his face.

For Suhyuk came back from the vacation he took from the previous weekend to the Monday.

His eyes turned to Park Sungjae from Suhyuk.

Park was sullen as if he was a puppy with its tail down.

“Lee Suhyuk.”

“Yes, sir.”

Im shook his head from side to side, complaining, “Teach him how to collect blood properly. He made as many as nine holes on a patient’s arm.”

“I’m sorry, sir.”

Im disappeared, with Park lowering his head.

With a smile, Suhyuk said, “Looks like the blood vessel was not visible.”

“Yes...”

“Let’s go.”

Park followed him to an empty patient’s room where Suhyuk offered him cotton for disinfection and a syringe. Suhyuk perched on the bed, saying, “I think I saw you collecting blood several times.”

Park nodded his head, adding, “So far I have collected blood from patients whose blood vessels were clearly visible.”

That was true. Not only at the clinical practice but also at the emergency room, Park saw patients with visible blood vessels, and even at the neurosurgery department.

In that respect he was just lucky.

But this time he was not, making a big mistake of piercing the same spot several times

as he could not locate the patients' delicate blood vessels.

The patient got irritated as much as he could, and Park got a good scolding from Im.

"Now I'm a patient. Please do it..."

When Suhyuk showed his arm, Park's eyes became wide.

"How can I..."

"I'm a patient."

Suhyuk's blood vessels were thick and bulging as if he was an athletic man.

Park could collect blood from him seeing his blood vessels, but felt burdensome about it.

When he was hesitating, Suhyuk opened his mouth, "Because you are hesitating like that, you will make a mistake. When a doctor acts like that, the patient gets tired, and you too."

Suhyuk, who was clenching his fist for blood collection, now opened his hand.

Now Park held out his hand and rolled up his white sleeves.

Suhyuk made a bitter smile because he saw several needle marks on Park's forearm that he left while practicing on his own.

Changing his mind, Suhyuk fastened an engorgement bandage around his arm.

When he doubled his fist several times, the blood vessels became more visible than before.

He pierced a syringe into his arm without any hesitation.

The blood was flowing back into the chamber of the syringe, with the red blood slightly visible.

That meant blood was being collected correctly.

When he was done, Suhyuk released the engorgement bandage.

It is more difficult to find the blood vessels on the back of one's hand than that of one's arm.

“Just close your eyes, and try to find the blood vessels by the feel.”

Park nodded his head, and began touching Suhyuk’s forearm.

“You have to feel it by only the fingertip.”

“Looks like it’s here.”

Suhyuk smiled bitterly, saying, “No, that’s a bone.”

Park once again tried to locate the blood vessels by feel.

“Now open your eyes.”

He was correctly locating the delicate blood vessels this time.

“Was the patient you failed to collect blood from plump?”

Park said, scratching his head, “Yes, very fatty...”

Suhyuk smiled, nodding his head.

Unless experienced, any intern would find it difficult to collect blood from such patients.

Unlike an experienced doctor or nurse, Park was only an intern who could make such a mistake.

“You had better find a spot located one third of the way up on the back of a child’s hand or plump hands where the blood vessels are not visible, while assuming the blood vessels are there.

Suhyuk stopped talking for a moment, and then continued, “Sometimes the blood vessels are just not visible at all.”

“What should I do in such a case?”

“Experience is important, above all. Plus your own imagination. Trying to visualize the blood vessels in your head and find it...”

Suhyuk gave him a lot of additional advice.

Park was all eyes and ears when he explained.

The point was do it without any hesitation.

Standing up from the bed, Suhyuk patted him on the shoulder and went out.

Left alone in the patient's room, Park came to look at the syringe containing Suhyuk's blood.

And he thought of Suhyuk, while holding it tighter gradually.

There has never been any other doctor who went to the trouble of explaining something to him so kindly like Suhyuk. Even to the point of collecting his own blood.

"Thanks, Dr. Lee."

Then Park headed directly to the pathology laboratory.



It was now lunch time.

Finishing his work early, Suhyuk was standing before the elevator.

Then he heard a voice.

"Uh? He's the man who appeared on TV."

Suhyuk turned his head to the side.

He wondered if she was 6 years old.

A little girl in a patient's gown was pointing to him with her fingers.

Suhyuk smiled at her, "Hi!"

The child joined her two hands by her navel and greeted him by giving a bow.

Suhyuk approached her, asking, "What is your name?"

"Han Arum. Han, A, Rum."

"Oh, what a beautiful name it is."

'By the way, where is her guardian?' Suddenly he thought of that, as this was not the pediatrics department.

“Where are your parents?”

“They’re out for work.”

“Work?”

“Yes, my mom will visit me in the evening.”

Maybe there might be some reason for that.

Suhyuk held out his hand to her, and the girl held it without any hesitation as he was familiar to her thanks to his appearance on TV.

She was a girl with clear pupil and pretty dimples.

“You came here from that building, right?”

She nodded her head, smiling innocently.

Suhyuk shook his head, surprised at the fact that she came as far as here.

“Let’s go.”

Suhyuk walked in step with the girl’s strides, and soon got on the elevator.

Growling.

Suhyuk looked down at her stomach. Arum was rubbing it.

“You haven’t eaten, right?”

“Well, I was not hungry a moment ago...”

“You have to eat a lot, so you can become strong and tall.”

“If I eat a lot and become strong, I don’t have to come to the hospital, right?”

The child looked up at Suhyuk with shining eyes.

“Of course.”

Then the elevator door opened, and they went out of it.

There was a bridge connecting the hospital buildings.

As the weather was fine, there were some people on the bridge chatting and enjoying the landscape out there.

Around about the middle of the bridge, Arum stopped and turned her head to the side.

A boy holding his mother's hand was passing by, while enjoying a hamburger.

"You said your mother was coming in the evening. Is nobody in your room?"

"No..."

She could not take her eyes off the hamburger.

Rumbling...

Suhyuk, smiling, said, "Shall we go out for a hamburger?"

She opened her eyes wide, asking, "Really?"

"Of course."

Suhyuk led her outside, and Arum followed him, overjoyed.



They arrived at a hamburger store in the lobby.

A hamburger set for children was placed on the table she sat at.

Arum tried to eat the burger in one gulp, stamping her feet in joy.

"Drink some coke, too."

She drank it with through a straw, and was humming now.

Suhyuk began eating his own hamburger.

Soon she was done with her hamburger and french fries.

"Let's go now."

Suhyuk checked the time on the large clock on the wall in the lobby.

It was 12:40pm.

Though he was getting back to work a bit later than usual, he still had free time.

Then came out an announcement.

“6-year-old girl. We’re looking for Han Arum. 6-year-old girl, Han Arum...”

Suhyuk turned his head to her.

“Oh, it’s my name.”

When she was making a curious look, Suhyuk murmured, “Ooops, I’m afraid I’ll get scolded.”

Suhyuk lifted her up and walked fast.

Some old men talked to each other, looking at his appearance from behind, “Looks like her father is a doctor.”

“Maybe her bill is free.”

Certainly, Suhyuk’s appearance gave the impression that he was her father.



“Hello!”

“Long time no see, Dr. Lee.”

The nurses of the pediatrics department recognized him and said hello.

On such occasions Suhyuk bowed his head slightly.

Then a nurse came up to him.

“Han Arum!”

When she came up, Arum hid behind Suhyuk’s back, and showed only her face.

Letting out a sigh of relief, the nurse opened her mouth, with her hand on her forehead, “I was looking for you so hard...”

After she greeted her, she held out her hand.

But Arum would not move a bit, hiding behind his back.

“You make me worried all the time.”

Suhyuk smiled a bit.

“Let’s go now.”

Only then did she move.

“Looks like she is a naughty girl.”

At Suhyuk’s words, the nurse answered in a miserable tone, “Yes, she is. Even today and yesterday, she pulled out her IV line and played hide-and-seek with me.”

Arum was touching the back of her hand at that moment.

“It hurts, sir.”

Soon they arrived in her room, and she got on the bed.

He noticed the name of her identified illness that was labelled on the bed.

Encephaloma, or brain tumor.

He suddenly turned his head to the girl.

Her pupils were so clear.

Chapter 115

The nurse was opening an intravenous catheter needle to connect an IV, and held Arum's arm.

"Please do it without causing any pain."

Arum closed her eyes, and then Suhyuk's voice came into her ears.

"Let me do it."

He held her hand gently. Her blood vessels were subtle, typical of children, but it was not a problem to him.

Making a frown, Arum, who was very much scared, let out a moaning sound even before he injected the needle.

With a smile, Suhyuk said, "You can draw pictures very well, right?"

At that moment she cast her eyes in the back, where there was a sketchbook on the bed.

"Yes, can I show you?"

When he nodded, she reached for the sketchbook in a cheerful mood.

At the moment, she cried, "Ouch!"

At the sharp pricking on her hand, she turned back her head instantly.

Already the needle was put in her hand before she knew it.

With a sulky look, she looked at him and said, "I dropped my guard..."

At her cute reply, he smiled before he knew it.

"Now, let me look at your sketchbook."

Stamping her feet, she opened the sketchbook.

There was a square-shaped house, with flowers in the garden, plus a pretty puppy.

“Good drawing. Whose house is it?”

“If I make a lot of money someday, I’m going to live with my mom here.”

Suhyuk stroked her hair gently, and observed her look.

If she had a brain tumor, she would feel headaches and pain, but she looked normal to him.

“Let me go to the restroom,” said Suhyuk.

There was no smile on his face when he was going out of the room.

Then a woman doctor greeted him, “What brought you here?”

She was Dr. Oh Jinhee, who was in charge of him when he was doing his internship at the pediatrics department.

“Hello, do you happen to know patient Han Arum?”

With a bitter smile, she looked at Arum’s nameplate placed next to her door.

“Yes, I know her.”

“Then, do you know why they are injecting tonic only?”

Oh knitted her brows at that because she felt his way of speaking was kind of reproaching.

“Hey, your way of speaking...”

“Please show me patient Han’s medical record, CT and MRI.”

Oh took off her horn-rimmed glasses hysterically and said, “Hey, do you think I don’t want to treat her?”

Scrutinizing him up and down, she opened up her mouth again, “Don’t be arrogant like that when you don’t know the reasons!”

She stared at him as if she was going to get at him, and so did he.

“Then, what is the reason that I don’t know?”

Then a nurse rushed to her, saying, “Dr. Oh, patient Migyung’s guardian is making a big

fuss again..."

Oh, staring at him, let out a sigh and said, "You, see me later!"

When she disappeared, he went to the desk of the pediatrics department.

"I'd like to check patient Han Arum's medical record."

The nurse working on something, with her head lowered, recognized him and said, "Oh, I saw you on TV. By the way, what did you say a moment ago?"

"Well, I said I wanted to check patient Han Arum's medical record."

She wore an embarrassed look.

"Only the primary physician or the professor in charge has access to that..."

Suhyuk said with a gentle smile, "Please..."

A flush mounted her face. Stroking her face, she soon opened her mouth, "This way..."

She thought to herself she would not be in trouble because she showed it to him for a moment.

Guided by the nurse, Suhyuk moved.

He was looking at the monitor quietly.

In the image shots of the CT and MRI, there was a small tumor in her brain.

"It's not malignant."

Malignant tumors are complex junctions within the brain, which gradually divide the normal brain cells and spread malignant cells. This makes it difficult to remove through drugs, radiation therapy, or surgery. However, benign tumors are different. Tumors that are isolated by themselves can be separated anatomically and cured if removed completely. However, if it can not be removed by surgery, it can not be cured, just like a malignant tumor.

Suhyuk checked Arum's medical record, filled with medical terms.

However, there was no mention of treatment of the brain tumor, just as he expected.

Left untreated, she would lose the chance for treatment at the right time.

Nobody could expect what would happen later.

“Sir.”

The nurse whispered to him, looking around cautiously, for fear of being caught.

Rising from the seat, he opened his mouth, “What about her family?”

“Looks like she has a mother only.”

“Her treatment was stopped for reasons of money, I think,” said Suhyuk.

Wearing a regrettable look, she nodded.

At the same time a sigh came out of his mouth.

‘What the heck is this money, money, money... ’

“Any insurance?”

“No...”

Suhyuk momentarily thought of the pediatrician doctor.

Then he moved instantly.



“Sir, Dr. Lee Suhyuk wants to see you.”

Putting down the phone, a secretary smiled at him.

“You can just go in.”

He went into the office right away.

“Come on in. Can you have a seat and wait for a minute?”

Suhyuk waited for him for about 10 minutes.

“So, why do you want to see me out of the blue?”

“One patient is hospitalized at the pediatrics department now. Though she has a brain tumor, she was getting only tonic injections.”

The director nodded his head.

“Because of money?”

“Yes, I came here to ask if there is anything we could do for her.”

The director made a bitter smile.

“I’m afraid we can’t, regrettably.”

“Do you remember that we went to the shanty town to give free treatment? I think the image of our hospital could be improved if we treat her for free...”

“You know one thing, but not two.”

With a little sigh, he opened his mouth again, “How many such patients do you think we have here? Very, very many. They are all paying for their bills by borrowing money. If we treat her for free, then other patients will ask for the same thing...”

In short, the point was that it was against the principle of equal treatment, and he said Daehan Hospital was not a charity hospital.

Listening to him quietly, he rose up and said, “Got it, sir. Goodbye.”

When he opened the door to leave, the director’s voice stopped him, “Don’t be too disappointed. Hope you can think of those who are working here for a living...”

He was referring to the medical staff.

Suhyuk went out of the office, and went to see Prof. Han Myungjin to seek his advice.

“What should I do, sir?”

“You should just go ahead and treat her. Why are you asking me?”

“Because I belong to the cardiothoracic surgery department, while the patient is hospitalized at the pediatrics department...”

“That’s what I mean. Why are you asking about it? If you have a will, you can treat her.”

Suhyuk let out a long sigh at his answer. Han was just making a smile that was generous and warm. Though he did not say anything, it looked like he was giving some kind of reply.

Then, Han said, "Go away, now!"

Rising from the seat, Suhyuk said with a smile, "Okay, then."

"Hey! Leave your phone and pager here."

"Why..."

"Don't you know that there are many staff here looking for you. Just leave them here until you treat the patient. Let me take care of other things."

Suhyuk put down his cell phone and pager on the table, and looked at Han.

'Thanks, professor.'

"Let me come back later then."

"Don't be too late."



Walking on the bridge leading to the pediatrics department, Suhyuk stopped.

Lots of people could be seen passing outside the hospital, chatting and smiling, showing bright looks.

Not a single person among them was aware of Han Arum's pain.

How can I be of any help to her? Paying out of my own pocket?

Even though he wants to do it, he cannot because he already gave his bank deposit to his parents, and the money was not enough, either.

"Huuuuuuuh..."

Looking down from the bridge quietly, Suhyuk moved again, and soon arrived at the pediatrics department. When he was about to enter Han's room, he ran into a woman.

He stopped her who was about to enter her daughter's room.

"Are you her guardian?"

She turned back. She was in her late 30s.

Given her carelessly tied hair, it seemed she just got back from work.

He could feel some sort of fatigue from her look.

“Did you ask me a question?”

“Hello, I’m Lee Suhyuk, a surgeon here.”

“Oh, hello, Doctor.”

“Can I talk with you a little bit?”

She nodded after looking at him for a moment.

He took her to a break area at the end of the hallway.

Taking out a canned coffee from a vending machine, he handed it to her.

Suhyuk opened his mouth then, “Arum needs an immediate surgery.”

Grabbing her coffee cup, she nodded and said, “Actually I am going around here and there. Looks like I need three million won for the surgery... Can you go ahead and perform surgery first? I’ll pay as soon as I get the money. Please...”

Putting down the canned coffee, Suhyuk held her hands.

She had tears welled in her eyes, but she still did not shed those tears.

She should not cry, because she was a mother.

Suhyuk nodded, holding her hands.

He now clearly knew her situation.

He opened his mouth, “Don’t worry.”

Chapter 116

Arum was drawing pictures in crayon in her sketchbook.

With the sleeves of a patient gown reaching the back of hand, she looked uncomfortable, but she moved her little hands very well.

Then, she turned her head to the door, sensing someone's presence.

"Mom!"

At her screaming, she made a hearty laugh.

The tears welled in her eyes a moment ago were gone.

Hugging her closely, she patted her on the back.

"You wanted to see me very much?"

"Yeah, very, very much."

Now she looked at her face to face, stroking her face.

Arum was all smiles, even without opening her eyes.

It looked as she was enjoying the sunlight, the warm sunlight of a mother.

Suhyuk, standing at the door, was just looking at them quietly.

Then, Arum, noticing him, said, "Oh, uncle doctor!"

With a smile, he approached them.

"Mom, this doctor put a needle here, but it didn't hurt at all."

"Really?"

"Yes, and he praised me for my pictures too..."

She was more excited now as her mother was with her.

“I drew some pictures today. I want to show you...”

Arum did not stop explaining about her pictures as if she wanted to boast.

Whenever she turned over the sketchbook with her little white hand, her mother took a picture of it with her cell phone.

Then, she turned it over again to show Suhyuk some pictures.

“Uncle, this is about...”

Then Arum stopped moving her hand suddenly, and turned her head to her mother.

It looked like she was about to cry at anytime.

“Mom, I have pain in my head again...”

“Come on, baby. Come on...”

She hugged Arum tightly, and patted her on the back and sung a lullaby.

There was nothing more she could do except hug and pat her like that.

‘My daughter Arum, I’m going to have you cured by all means.’

Then Arum, cuddled up in her arms, raised her head and said, “Mom, I don’t feel pain anymore now...”



Going out of the patient’s room, he headed toward Han Myungjin’s office.

And he was handed back his cell phone.

He turned it on, and found the notification sound ringing continuously.

Most of the messages were from Im Gyungso, which mainly was about the need for him to take care of Park Sungjae’s mistakes.

Im belatedly found out he was at the pediatrics department, but he sent him a final message saying, “Take care!”, and then nothing more.

Obviously Prof. Han took some action on his behalf.

Suhyuk kept on touching the cell phone display, and soon found a picture.

It was sent by Arum's mother.

Looking at it quietly, he quickly moved to his lodging.

As soon as he arrived, he turned on the PC and sat down.

In the heart of darkness only the light of the monitor was illuminating Suhyuk's face.

How long passed...

After sitting before the PC for about two hours, Suhyuk lay on the soft bed.

And he confirmed the time. It was 8:22pm.

Putting his cell phone on his bedside, he closed eyes.

He would have to put up with this kind miserable situation until tomorrow.

If things did not work out as he wished, he would have to have her get the surgery by all means.

Suhyuk again opened his eyes at the notification sounds on his cell phone.

And using his cellphone, he had access to the internet:

<Oh my god... >

The notification sound kept ringing.

<How can she... >

<What a pity... >

<Only 300 won, as I'm jobless right now>



4am.

Going out of the lodging, Suhyuk headed to the hospital lobby, and he stood before the ATM machine.

He put in the card, and pressed the withdrawal button.

He had a deposit of 200,000 won in his bank account, but he pressed the number 300,000 won.

Inside the machine there was the sound of money counting.

Though he had only 200,000 won, he was withdrawing 300,000 won.

But he was not surprised because he expected this much.

At the same time he suddenly felt so moved as to almost shed tears when he noticed the balance on his account. It was 20,154,035 won in total.

Suppressing his emotion, Suhyuk murmured, "Thanks a million, from the bottom of my heart."

Turning back, he went to Arum's room, and cautiously opened it so as not to wake her up.

She was in sound sleep, and her mother was also asleep, crouching beside her.

"Arum's mom..."

At his whispering voice, she stood up.

"Can I talk with you for a moment?"

Nodding her head, she followed him after tying up her hair.

Coming out of the room, Suhyuk told her, "Tomorrow she will get surgery."

Her eyes opened wider.



A piece about a picture was introduced on the morning TV program.

<One drawing uploaded on a doctor's Facebook is drawing lots of attention. This is for sale in the form of an auction. Looks like the caption by the doctor moved many people's heart.>

There was a close-up image of the message by Suhyuk.

<Hello, this is Dr. Lee Suhyuk at Daehan Hospital. Attached is a drawing done by a child with a brain tumor, and I want to auction it. I'm not good at appreciating a drawing, but I felt some kind of warmth in Han Arum's drawing, the patient with the brain tumor. Her dream is to live with her mother at this house in the drawing. It reflected her yearning for it, but she could not make it come true because she was not getting treatment as she had no money. Would you want to treat her with me? If you can help, I'll do my best, with the honor to my name. I'll treat her by all means. The auction will start at 100,000 won, given the practical cost for her treatment. I'll repay those who help in one way or another. I promise. And please send the money to the following account... even if it's just 10 won, 100 won... or more. And I will make public how your donation was spent. Let's cheer up our child Arum. Thank you.>

The responses to this were in just one word, explosive.

And those who knew Suhyuk on the internet or news media would ask about her disease and symptoms through Facebook. Whenever he had free time, Suhyuk posted his replies.

That kind of caring attitude shown by Suhyuk moved the hearts of lots of people.



10am.

Suhyuk was heading for Arum's room.

When he went in, he heard a child's weeping sound.

She had her hair shaven for the surgery.

"You look pretty even without any hair."

She wept more with emotion at his words.

Though her mother was soothing her, she kept crying.

"Can I see you outside for a moment?"

Outside the room he said, "She will be put into sedation in the room because she might be very surprised inside the operating room."

She nodded, and asked with trembling eyes, "Isn't it dangerous?"

Suhyuk said, with a smile, “Don’t worry. The best doctor in this field will perform the surgery.”

The doctor was Prof. Lee Mansuk.

“Thanks so much.”

Though she never heard of that name, she felt Dr. Lee before her eyes was more dependable.

“Shall we begin?”

A nurse asked Suhyuk.

When he nodded, the nurse went into Arum’s room, holding sedation medicine.

“Hi, Arum? You look more cute with your hair shaven like that.”

“Don’t lie to me!”

“Really!”

The nurse hung the syringe onto the IV line, which lasted about for 10 minutes.

Cuddled in her mother’s arms, she soon fell into sleep with murmuring sounds, “Mom, I feel sleepy...”



Beep. Beep.

Arum was now lying on the operating bed.

Inside the room Prof. Lee continued to talk with other doctors, looking at her CT and MRI shots.

Even a little mistake would cost this little girl her life, who had yet to blossom her life.

And even a mere wrong touch of her brain would also cause not only speech defects but also countless other unpredictable defects.

Lee Mansuk tightened his gloves once more, and glanced at Suhyuk watching the patient.

This time he was determined to show him his skills, so that he would change his mind and switch to the neurosurgery department.

“Let’s start. Scalpel.”

He held her little head with one hand, holding a scalpel with the other hand.

“Drill.”

As originally planned, he would drill four holes into the skull in order to remove a rectangular piece of bone with a saw.

Weeeing, weeeing...

A ferocious sound of the machine was filling the otherwise quiet operating room.

Then Suhyuk opened his mouth, “Let me do it.”

Arum’s mother was anxiously waiting outside the operating room.

It had been already 6 hours since they started performing the surgery.

The red sign, ‘Surgery in Progress’ made her feel bad.

Then, the red light suddenly turned off, and then a blue sign, ‘Recovery Room’ was lit.

The automatic door opened, and a doctor in a surgical gown came out.

When he removed his mask, his face was revealed. It was Suhyuk.

“Dr. Lee! How did the surgery go? Is she okay?”

“In a little while she will wake up. Do you want to come with me?” suggested Suhyuk.

She was still a little child. When she would open her eyes, she would see strange people, machines and the IV hung on her arms. That’s why she needed her mother beside her.

Of course, her mother would have to wear a disinfected cap and mask.

He headed to the recovery room with her nodding to his suggestion gladly.

Entering the operating room, she just became speechless at the sight of her daughter.

“Why won’t she open her eyes?”

Confirming the IV, the nurse said, “As she was injected with a medicine to recover from anesthesia, she should wake up soon.”

Then, she could see Arum’s pupils moving under her eyelids.

And her eyes were slowly opening as if to confirm it.

“Arum, Arum, can you recognize me. Mom is here.”

Suhyuk opened his mouth, “You can remove your mask now.”

As soon as he said that, she showed her face.

“Mom...”

“Yes, yes, your Mom is here. Can you see me?”

Then, Suhyuk waved his hand, saying, “Hi Arum.”

Arum slowly moved her pupils to the side, and saw him.

“Arum, did you have a good sleep? Do you know my name?”

“Yes, Uncle Lee Suhyuk.”

“She is okay, right? Right, doctor?”

Arum’s mother asked, alternately looking at Suhyuk and her daughter.

Suhyuk smiled, answering, “Yes, the surgery did go well as planned. It’s perfect!”

Only then did she shed the tears she had been holding back up to now.

Chapter 117

Regrettably, Arum's drawing was not sold. Instead, donations for her kept coming in.

Suhyuk immediately closed the bank account.

For he did not need it anymore as his original purpose was already fulfilled.

Several days passed, and on the wall of the pediatrics building was hung a drawing.

It was the one drawn by Arum, which featured a big tree and a house.

Looking at it with Arum, he asked her, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

Arum's eyes were glittering before her drawing.

"I want to be a painter."

Nodding his head, Suhyuk looked at the drawing. Though he did not know how to appreciate a painting, he could feel some sort of warmth from it.

"Arum!"

"Mom!"

Arum hugged her mother who just got back from work.

"What did you do today? Did you listen to the doctor well?"

"Yeah, mom. I got two shots, but didn't cry."

"Good job!"

Both of them stroked each other's faces while they were sticking together.

Then, Suhyuk said, "Can I talk with you?"

At his words, she nodded and looked at Arum, "Arum, I've got something to talk about with the doctor. Come inside first."

Looking at her entering the patient's room, Suhyuk said in no time, "She looks healthy,

right?”

She bended herself with sincerity, saying, “Thanks. I just don’t know how I can repay my debt to you... I won’t forget. Later I’ll...”

“Well, I just did my duty.”

With a smile, he turned over her chart and said, “Even though her vital signs are normal, we have to check her condition for one week.”

She took out a white envelope from the bag that she was carrying, and gave it to him, “This is not much, but please take this money...”

Suhyuk waved his hands, refusing to take it. The whole bill for her surgery and hospitalization was already paid for through the donations collected for Arum. Suhyuk was thinking of returning it to her when she was discharged.

“Please take this, such as it is...”

She continued to hand the envelop to him, but he refused it.

“You don’t have to give it to me. Please use it to buy her sketchbooks and crayons...”

Then Suhyuk’s eyes became wide, for she was suddenly moaning while offering the envelope.

Beads of sweat were formed on her forehead when she was looking down.

“Are you okay?”

At his voice, she raised her head, and tried to smile.

“I’m okay.”

But she was not, in his eyes.

She was holding her stomach with one hand.

“Looks like it’s menstrual pain. Have a seat here.”

He had her sit on the bench in the hallway, saying, “Do you usually have severe cramps like this?”

“Not as severe as this...”

Once a month when that very day came, she normally walked and ate well, and she did not feel her cramps that much, but today she felt different.

She could put up with it until the morning, but not now.

“Excuse me!”

Suhyuk grabbed a nurse passing by at the moment.

“Looks like she needs blood collection.”

The nurse quickly disappeared, looking at her soaked with sweat.

“Are you okay now?”

At his words, she just nodded her head, but could not say anything.

The nurse reappeared with a syringe.

“Let me collect a bit of blood from you.”

Suhyuk put the needle right into her arm and drew some blood.

Then he gave it to the nurse.

“Please process it right away.”

“Yes, doctor.”

The nurse disappeared again with the syringe.

“Where do you feel uncomfortable?”

“On the lower part of my belly...”

She was grasping the lower right part of her belly.

“Let me touch it then.”

He put aside her hand and pressed it.

Knitting her brows, she was moaning.

Besides, when he took off his hand, her face was contorted with pain.

'Appendicitis?'

"Doctor, her leukocyte value is above average!"

The nurse, who completed a simple test of the blood, appeared.

"Can you stand up?"

She stood up, helped by Suhyuk.

"It looks like appendicitis. But you need a CT for accurate diagnosis."

"Mom?"

Arum who came into the patient's room showed up.

"I'm okay, Arum. Stay inside."

Did she feel her mother was lying?

Her eyes were welled up with tears.

"Are you sick, mom? "

She smiled as if she was relieving her anxiety, but could not disguise the pain.

"Uncle doctor! Please give my mom medicine. Medicine, quickly!"

Taking a short look at Arum, Suhyuk opened his mouth, "Looks like we have to go together."

It seemed impossible to separate Arum from her mother.



The CT scan showed that she had acute appendicitis.

It was swollen to the point that it needed urgent surgery.

The procedure for surgery was done quickly.

Suhyuk contacted the staff of the surgery department and the anesthesia department.

Of course, the operating room was arranged.

Lying on the stretcher, with an IV hung on the back of her hand, she was soothing her daughter.

"I'll be back soon. Okay?"

"Boohoo... Don't go, Mom!"

Tears were running down her face, and her crying became louder as she came near the operating room.

Then Suhyuk held the stretcher to push it to the operating room and said to the nurse next to him, "Please take care of this child."

"Mom!"

Arum was sitting on the bench, her face covered with tears.

She cried so much as to develop a hiccup, and now fixed her eyes on the red light sign: "In Operation."

"Will my mom come out if the red sign is turned off? Boohoo..."

The nurse, who was rubbing her back gently, said with a smile, "Sure, the light will be turned off soon."

As soon as she said that, Arum's eyes became wide because the light was turned off.

"Is my mom coming out soon?"

The nurse nodded her head. Her mother would come out once she regains consciousness in the recovery room. The surgery was most likely easy too.

About 10 minutes passed.

Arum, expecting to see her mother, looked up at the nurse and asked, "Why is my mom not coming out?"

She gestured with her eyes toward the door.

The automatic door opened, and her mother lying on the stretcher was coming out.

"Mom!"

She got close to her who lay with her eyes half-closed.

“Did you wait for me long, Arum?”

“Yes! Did it hurt a lot?”

She made a smile, “I’m okay now.”

Then Arum, holding her hand tightly, turned back sharply and looked at Suhyuk.

“You’re a bad uncle. Don’t let her have any more surgery!”

Arum tapped his thigh lightly with her little hand.

Suhyuk thought her act was so cute, and laughed heartily, “Hahaha...”

The woman and her daughter are both now very healthy.



After checking the post-surgery condition of Arum’s mother, Suhyuk was back to the cardiothoracic surgery department.

While he was walking through the hallway, he ran into Park Sungjae.

“How are you, sir?”

Park greeted, bending himself.

He looked down and out, and Suhyuk could figure out why.

A series of mistakes by Park and the text messages sent by Im Gyongsu testified to it.

“I hear you administered the anaesthetic incorrectly.”

It was not a typical anesthesia.

It was the spinal cord subarachnoid anesthesia performed before the extraction of cerebrospinal fluid. How much pain was the patient in when Park administered the anesthetic in the wrong place and pierced a long needle into the waist?

Besides, Park wrongly touched the wound while he disinfected it, causing inflammation.

“I’m afraid I have to look for some other profession than a doctor...”

Park could realize why there were so few who applied for the cardiothoracic surgery department.

It was tough and exhaustive.

“You’re leaving tomorrow, right?”

At Suhyuk’s asking, Park’s eyes became wide.

“How did you know...”

Park was supposed to move from the cardiothoracic surgery department to the ob/gyn department tomorrow.

Nobody knew about it until Park said it by himself.

With a smile, Suhyuk checked the time. It was 9pm.

Coincidentally, the cardiothoracic surgery department was peaceful at the moment.

“Do you like meat?”

“Yes, sir...”

“Ok, let’s go. I know a restaurant behind the hospital known for delicious meat.”

Park followed Suhyuk.

When they arrived, the restaurant was crowded with customers.

They were clattering their glasses with happy looks after a day’s work.

Taking his seat, Suhyuk asked, “What would you like?”

“Any meat is okay with me, sir.”

“Please can we have pork neck for two, and a bottle of soju. Rolled omelet is sold separately, right?”

“Oh, are you talking about the omelet that’s 5000 won?”

“Yes, one omelet please.”

When the waiter disappeared, Park asked him with wide eyes, “How come pork neck for one person is 20,000 won? And the rolled omelet, too...”

Suhyuk smiled, saying, “Because it’s delicious...”

Soon thick pork neck was sizzling in front of them with a delicious smell permeating the air.

The waiter cut it into pieces so they could eat easily.

“Please help yourself!”

“Thanks for the meat, sir!”

Park began eating the meat hurriedly.

“Didn’t you have any lunch?”

“No, sir...”

“Hey, add another pork neck for two!”

How much time passed...

They drank four bottles of soju, and Park put into his mouth lettuce with the pork neck.

“You have had lots of hard times, right?”

Park nodded slowly, and then began crying, “*Boohoo...*”

Tears were coming down his cheeks, and soon he began weeping.

Suhyuk patted him on the back quietly.

Chapter 118

The morning broke.

Suhyuk left his lodging early in the morning and headed for the convenience store in the basement.

He opened a seaweed roll pack and milk for breakfast.

Suddenly he thought of what happened last night.

Park Sungjae, weeping at the restaurant.

He could understand why Park wept so sadly like a child: Too much difficult work.

The kind of work that deals with one's life carries hardship, and over time one becomes a doctor by helping patients one by one.

What kind of doctor would he be later?

Suhyuk smiled bitterly after throwing the wrap into a trash can.

Now the remaining balance on his bank account was 70,000 won.

That was for his own living expenses, separate from the bank account for Arum's donation.

If Arum's drawing had not been sold or the donation had not been enough, he would have donated it for her treatment. But he did not have to because things worked out well in the end.

"By the way, how can I manage my life with this money for the next three weeks..."

That's all he had left after he paid for the dinner he had with Park Sungjae the previous evening.

But he had no regrets.

Park vented out all the stress he had, for which the money was well spent.

And he still could get by because he could have free meals at the hospital as well as

free purified water. What more did he want?

In front of the desk of the cardiothoracic surgery department were standing three people.

One was Dr. Im Gyungso, and the other two were women in white gowns.

After Park left, the two female interns filled the vacuum.

A female intern with long straight hair bent herself when Suhyuk approached them.

“Hello! My name is Kim Hanul, newly assigned to the cardiothoracic surgery department!”

And then the other female with short hair said, “Hello, sir, my name is Lee Heejung.”

“This time there are two interns?”

When Suhyuk looked at Im, he directed him saying, “Lee Suhyuk, let them train under you just as before. Got it?”

With a bitter smile, Suhyuk nodded. He just wanted to focus on the patients.

“Hello!”

When Suhyuk greeted them, they lowered their heads and responded, “Hello, sir!”

The two interns could not take their eyes off Suhyuk.

They knew about him already when they were freshmen. If anybody did not know about him, he or she could be regarded as a spy among medical students.

“Which department did you undertake your internship with last month?”

“Pediatrics Department!”

“Did you learn a lot there?”

The two interns suddenly wore sullen faces.

“Well... we did collect blood, assist in lumbar puncture...”

Looking back, they felt they did not do much. If they made a mere mistake, they were rarely given assignments by Dr. Oh Jinhee. They thought about the nickname of Dr. Oh,

or her image as a witch.

“I think I have to show you around the cardiothoracic surgery department first.”

When Suhyuk turned back and walked, Kim Hanul quickly followed him, murmuring, “Does his shoulder look broader to me because his face is small? Looks like I’m now looking at an entertainer...”

“You’re right...”

Suhyuk first made the rounds of the department, and introduced them to the nurses and the other doctors. He also had them meet all the hospitalized patients.

In fact, it was very unusual to introduce interns to the patients, but Suhyuk took them to the patient’s rooms. Anyway they were interns destined to be doctors some day.

It was good for them to learn how to save a patient’s life, but he wanted to teach them how to interact with the patients first. So, he spent almost three hours with them.

On such occasions, he did not forget to check the condition of the patient when he made the rounds. Going out of the last patient’s room, he made a smile at them.

“So, what is your feeling after making the rounds today?”

Lee Jeejung opened her mouth, but Kim Hanul came forward first, slightly blocking Lee’s body.

“At the pediatrics department we heard only the sound of crying babies, but I feel good that it’s quiet here.”

“That’s because the patients are all adults here. They’re accustomed to patience. They just trust doctors and wait with patience. Then, what should we do?”

The two interns could not answer. Instead they just nodded their heads slowly.

Suhyuk checked the time. It was lunch time already.

“Come back after lunch then.”

Their eyes were twinkling. It was the first time they were given their lunch break on time during their internship all the way up to now. When the two interns hesitated, Suhyuk approved with smile.

“Just go ahead!”

“We’ll be back soon, sir.”

“Take your time.”

Bending themselves, they walked along.

Then his cell phone buzzed, signalling a text message.

“Have you had lunch yet, sir?”

It was Binna.

“No, not yet.”

The reply message came back fast.

“I’ve brought a lunch box for you. Can you have it with me?”

Looking at the phone, he smiled.

“Where shall we meet?”

“How about the Sky Park?”

“I’ll see you there.”

Suhyuk got on the elevator immediately to go to the Sky Park.

A cool wind blowing from the sky tossed Suhyuk’s hair.

As it happened to be lunch time, there were not many people at the park.

Suhyuk was moving around to find a good spot for lunch, with his white gown fluttering in the air.

Seated on the bench, he raised his face to look at the sky.

When was the last time he looked up at the sky?

The sky was blue, and the clouds that looked like cotton candy were floating away.

Suhyuk closed his eyes calmly.

The sunlight pouring over him was warm, and the wind blowing over him on and off made him excited.

“Doctor...”

Binna, who came to him before he knew it, slurred her words.

Then Suhyuk opened his eyes, rising from the seat with greeting, “Hi!”

It seemed he last saw her more than two weeks ago.

During that period he was hectically busy outside the hospital.

When she lowered her head in a blush, Suhyuk said, “Have a seat!”

She sat beside him and began opening the lunch box.

There were many side dishes as well as desert.

“Please try this...” said she, giving him the chopsticks.

“Thanks for the food.”

Suhyuk enjoyed the food as usual, and Binna pecked at her food like a bird.

“I’m served food like this every time.”

Binna shook her head at Suhyuk who was eating baby tomatoes.

“Well, I just add a little more rice while I’m preparing lunch.”

“I’m going to treat you to a nice restaurant sooner or later.”

Suhyuk gulped down the spring water handed to him by Binna.

When he swallowed the water, his uvula moved up and down in her eyes.

Her face became red in a blush instantly, and she shook her head, casting down her eyes.

‘Han Binna, you’re being weird right now.’

“What’s the matter with you?”

“Oh, never mind! Look at your cell phone...”

Just then his phone buzzed. It was a call from Im Gyungso.

“Where are you now?”

“I’m having lunch.”

“Good for you! Lunch at the right time... Come back quickly!”

The phone was hung up like that.

Binna smiled at Suhyuk now looking at his cell phone.

“Go back quickly, doctor.”

With a bitter smile, Suhyuk began cleaning up.

“Let me do it. Looks like you have to go back now. Please go.”

“I’m sorry.”

Binna nodded, with a smile, fixing her eyes on him now heading for the elevator.

She murmured, “I hear there is a really interesting movie that just came out. Would you go with me?”

When he disappeared, she was fiddling with two movie tickets in her hands.



“Is he an emergency patient?”

Im shook his head at his asking.

“Bacterial pleurisy, suspected empyema. Go check it out.”

Im, who handed a chart to Suhyuk as if he was throwing it, disappeared quickly.

Checking the test outcome on the chart, he murmured, “Black shade...”

It was most likely empyema if the shade looked like an inverted D, though only an accurate diagnosis could determine it.

“We’re back, sir!” said intern Kim Hanul and Lee Heejung.

“Let’s go.”

It would serve as a good learning opportunity for the two interns.

Suhyuk headed to the test room. Strangely enough, the nurse, who was supposed to be with the patient, was outside the test room.

When he approached, the nurse opened her mouth, in a crying tone, “Doctor, the patient seems to be a gangster...”

At the moment he could hear the rough voice of a man.

“Are you going to look away when in front of a sick person?”

When the man took off the patient’s gown, there was a tattoo on his upper body; a picture tattooed large enough to be seen all the way to the back of his hand.

Fixing his eyes on the test room, Suhyuk asked, “Did any other doctor come and see him?”

“I hear Im said he would come here, but...”

With a bitter smile, Suhyuk went inside the test room.

“I’m sorry to have you kept waiting for so long.”

There inside was a man in his early 30s with a rough beard reaching to his cheek.

“Now you know it. Get it done quickly, quickly!”

“Take off your upper shirt, and raise your hands.”

Suhyuk directed him now sitting on the bed.

Several tattooed carps were swimming around his body. Besides that, there were some big scars from wounds apparently caused by scratches from somewhere.

“Like this?”

When the man raised his hands, and his rib bones were shown.

Holding cotton with a tweezer, Suhyuk opened his mouth, while disinfecting his side broadly, “You’ll be given anesthesia first.”

“You’re talking too much. Just get it done quickly.”

Then the man’s head turned to the side slightly, where Kim Hanul was standing.

“Wait a minute, doctor. Is she a doctor, too?”

“Yes, she is.”

“Then let me get the service from her.”

“They are interns. You had better get the service from me...”

“What do you mean by interns. Are they not the same as doctors? You guys with smart brains are always talking much.”

The man stared at Suhyuk as if he was about to get him, and said again, “Is there anything wrong when I pay my own money and request treatment by a doctor that I want?”

Suhyuk smiled, saying, “Of course, not. You can do so.”

Suhyuk handed the syringe to Kim Hanul quietly and asked, “Have you ever given anesthesia before?”

“Yes, but...”

“Please do anesthesia only.”

Handed a syringe with anesthetic, she walked to the patient reluctantly.

She had no choice but to do as directed.

She knew how to, because she had seen it several times while doing her internship at other departments. And it seemed easy, too.

“Oh, this stuff makes me uncomfortable.”

Murmuring like that, he took out from his pocket a wallet, cigarettes and a car key on the table.

The man chuckled and looked up at Kim Hanul who came to him.

“What is your name?”

“Kim Hanul. Let me start the anesthesia.”

He nodded lightly, saying, “Okay. Good. You can take your time.”

The needle Kim was holding moved to his ribs, and Suhyuk was watching it calmly.

Soon the needle was piercing his skin.

“Ouch!”

Suhyuk smiled at that.

Chapter 119

After screaming, the guy cast his eyes towards Kim Hanul and even raised his hand.

Stunned by his act, Kim closed her eyes.

But nothing worrisome happened and she opened her eyes slightly.

The man was scratching his head with the hand he raised, saying, "Your hands look pretty. Does it cause stinging like this?"

Actually, it was more than stinging. He felt as if she rammed the needle into his skin roughly enough to recall his memory of his having been stabbed in the past.

But he could not show his pain to her because it would be shameful for him to do so as a male.

Kim opened her mouth, but at the moment Suhyuk said first, "You've been administered anesthesia, so you will feel a bit of stinging."

The man nodded, asking, "Am I done now?"

Suhyuk said, shaking his head, "No, you need two more shots."

He looked at the syringe the intern was holding.

It looked like the needle could be broken easily with a bit of force, but it sent chills down his spine instead.

The man, posturing firmly like before, said, "Do it quickly."

Kim Hanul looked at Suhyuk slightly, who was nodding without saying anything.

Suhyuk now tipped her the wink to begin administering the anesthesia quickly.

"Let me begin the anesthesia again now."

She held his shoulder to pierce the needle, saying, "Just relax."

"Uh...?"

He put strength into his muscles before he knew it.

The needle she was holding now moved to his ribs.

He clenched his teeth.

“Uhhh.....”

A strange voice was coming out of his mouth. A stinging pain.

Suhyuk smiled, looking at the needle pierced into the guy’s skin.

Kim Hanul seemed to have learned local anesthesia in the correct way.

The needle was neither too deep nor too short to break into parietal pleura.

But the needle did not go into the skin at the right angle.

Her hand was trembling subtly as if she was not sure of her skill or scared of the guy.

It was clear that the trembling needle was piercing into a wrong organ.

He might be agonizing over the pain, but over time it will go away soon enough.

For it would not cause inflammation or any other collateral disease even if the disinfected needle touches other organs.

Soon the needle was pulled away from his skin.

Beads of sweat ran down his face.

“One more shot, right?” said he.

“Oh, yes...”

Kim moved again, and finally she could finish administering the anesthesia.

Looking at her fellow intern, she made an expression as if she was asking for her opinion.

Lee Heejung gave a thumbs up, praising her skill.

The guy turned his hand on the side of his anesthetized ribs.

He felt it was becoming more and more numb.

“Now it’s time for surgery?” asked the man.

Suhyuk shook his head, saying, “We need to collect the pleural fluid for examination. Because we have to collect it from the thoracic cavity where the lungs are, the lungs might be pierced by the needle.”

The man’s pupils trembled a bit, and then he looked at Kim. Can she do it well?

He had to endure the pain when she rammed the needle into his side.

“Do you have enough experience with this, miss?”

It was Suhyuk who replied to his question, “I’ll do it.”

Then the guy asked again, “You must have had many experiences, right?”

Suhyuk, nodding slightly, pierced the needle into his ribs without any hesitation.

“Now I’m collecting it.”

As soon as he said that, Suhyuk pulled the piston of the syringe.

Pleural fluid was absorbed into the syringe.

“It’s done now.”

The guy blinked his eyes. Was it because of the anesthesia? He just felt numb.

“Now, can I just wait for the test result?”

Suhyuk nodded, adding, “Yes, from now on, let me check if it is pleurisy or empyema by examining the blood sample. Depending on the test outcome, I’ll duly treat you.”

“I don’t need any surgery, right?”

“It depends on the test results. If it is not serious, you’ll be prescribed medication. If you need other treatment, though, I may have to get more pleural fluid from your ribs.”

The guy’s eyes became wider. Another anesthesia?

He cast his eyes at Kim Hanul automatically, who was smiling a bit.

Putting on his upper clothes, he asked Suhyuk, “You will do it for me, right?”

Suhyuk turned his head to Kim, saying, “If you want, I can have her do it instead of me.”

The guy grabbed his hand suddenly, "Please, you do it..."

The guy returned to the patient's room, and Suhyuk handed the two interns blood samples taken from him.

"You know where the test room is, right?"

Suhyuk made the two interns move together, so they could understand by themselves how the cardiothoracic surgery department was running.

The interns disappeared, and Suhyuk began moving, when he heard some voice from behind.

"Dr. Lee!"

It was Park Sungjae.

Racing toward him while short of breath, he stopped right before Suhyuk, touching his knees with both hands

"What brought you here when're assigned to the ob/gyn department?"

Though his voice was icy, he smiled warmly.

"Well..."

He then took out a folded paper from his pocket.

"What is this?"

Handed the paper, Suhyuk opened it, where the test outcomes of his blood showed his health was normal.

'When did I do the test?'

Suhyuk's curiosity was satisfied when Park replied, "When you showed me how to collect blood last time, I took your blood collection to the pathology laboratory."

Only then could Suhyuk recalled that he had his blood taken in the empty patient's room.

"Thanks."

Park scratched his head at his sincere appreciation.

When Park did so, he found a handful of hair was lost from his head.

“Oops... my hair...”

Looking at the hair in his hand, Park smiled bitterly, saying, “Well I was assigned to a pregnant woman...”

It was a mistake that he had his hair caught by a pregnant woman, nearing her time.

“Looks like you’re working very hard. Aren’t you busy, by the way?”

Stroking his head, he suddenly came to his senses.

“Yes, sir. I’ll see you again then.”

Bowing his head, he ran to the elevator.

Looking at him, Suhyuk felt weird. More and more people are coming to see him.

Not only patients but also those who make his heart warm.

Park bowed his head again inside the elevator, and so did Suhyuk.



Children’s laughter as well as babies’ whining were heard in Suhyuk’s ears.

He was now at the pediatrics department building to see Arum.

Now he was going everywhere in order to see patients.

Moving with a steady stride, Suhyuk stopped for a moment

Arum was standing in the hallway, looking at her drawing on the wall with a smile.

And beside her was standing her mother who had acute appendicitis surgery.

“Hi, Arum’s mother.”

Turning her head to him, she was beaming.

The savior who saved her and her daughter.

Dressed in white gown, he was coming toward them.

“How are you doctor?” said she, bending her head.

“How are you feeling?”

“I feel so great thanks to you, sir. Thank you.”

Bending his knee, Suhyuk’s eyes met Arum’s.

Arum opened her mouth, “Doctor, no more surgery for my mom and me, please.”

Suhyuk pinkie-swears, with a smile, “Sure, I’ll promise.”

“You’re serious, right?”

With a suspicious look, she pinkie-swears at him, too.

Standing up now, he handed her mother a white envelope.

It contained donations from those who chipped in for her surgery.

“What’s this?”

“Is this for Arum?”

Getting the scent of it, she handed back the envelope.

“I can’t accept it. You know how much help I received. I really can’t accept this...”

Expecting she would do so, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “Then, do I take it?”

Feeling sorry, she made a bright expression, saying, “Of course you should.”

“If I take this money, those who donated would not be happy, with a rumor going around that the doctor pocketed the money for Arum’s treatment. And they might report it, dubbing it as a fraud in the name of donation...”

Watching Arum quietly, Suhyuk offered the envelope again to her.

“Even if she’s discharged, she needs to be on constant watch for her condition.”

That meant she had to come to the hospital for treatment even after she was discharged.

Suhyuk said, “I guess she might need to buy a lot of sketchbooks, crayons, paints, etc.”

He continued, "Please take care of your daughter, so she can grow up to be a painter who can show great paintings later."

"Thanks a lot," said she, accepting the envelope. She shed tears before she knew it.

Looking at her drawing, Arum asked her mother, "Why are you crying, Mom?"

Wiping her tears immediately, she talked to her daughter, "Arum, say, 'Thank you' to the doctor."

Then Suhyuk's cell phone buzzed.

'What's the matter?'

It was a call from his mother, who would not call him at this time usually, because she did not want to disturb her son.

"Hi, mom."

"Son, your father was injured..."

Chapter 120

Suhyuk's eyes immediately became wide.

"Are you listening to me, Suhyuk?"

"Was he injured?"

"Yes, we're now going to your hospital. Almost there."

Coming to his senses suddenly, Suhyuk asked, "How was he injured?"

"I heard he was buried under bricks while working..."

"Come to the emergency room, mom!"

Suhyuk then moved. He ran now.

Looking at him with surprised look, Arum's mother murmured, *"Thank you so much."*

Suhyuk raced to the emergency room like a mad man.

He pressed on all the buttons of the four elevators in the lobby.

None of the elevators were going up or down.

Suhyuk then turned back suddenly.

As the emergency room was located on the ground floor of the cardiothoracic surgery building, it was much faster for him to cross the bridge to get there.

While crossing the bridge, he thought of all the names of medical predicaments that his father could get with his injury. And he kept murmuring, *"Please, no damage to his brain..."*

'Even if he has brain damage, I would treat it by all means.'

Suhyuk was crossed the bridge before he knew it, and arrived at the cardiothoracic surgery building.

There was a patient walking with a limp in the hallway, and another patient was

carried on a stretcher.

Usually he would speak to them, but they were not in his eyes at this time.

Then the two interns and Im Gyungso noticed Suhyuk running toward them.

“Hey, the patient you collected blood from a while ago was diagnosed with empyema. Go and...”

Blinking his eyes, Im turned his head to the side.

Without even looking at him Suhyuk passed by.

Arriving at the emergency room, Suhyuk flung the door open and quickly looked around.

Had he arrived yet? Nowhere in the room was his father found.

“Suhyuk.”

A voice was heard from the side.

Suhyuk turned his head instantly at the voice.

Seated on the bed, his father was stroking his leg, and his mother was standing beside him.

Suhyuk, who almost ran into the room, failed to notice them right beside him.

Recognizing his father, Suhyuk found his legs tottering.

His father was looking at him with an embarrassed look.

He did not look injured, except for small bruises on his legs.

It was fortunate for him. Yes, it was.

Then he felt something warm around his eyelids all of a sudden.

‘Why?’

He confirmed his father was healthy first...

“Are you okay...” asked Suhyuk, clearing his throat.

When Suhyuk approached, he smiled bitterly.

“Yes, I’m okay. I just fell over.”

“Honey, don’t talk nonsense! You said you couldn’t move a while ago!”

Talking to him in scolding tone, she then looked at Suhyuk.

“Suhyuk, your father is talking nonsense now.”

“Honey, why did you bring me here to disturb Suhyuk?”

Suhyuk bent one of his knees without saying anything.

Then Oh Byungchul, resident at the emergency room, approached them.

“Are they your family members?”

“Yes, sir.”

Oh said hello to them.

“Hello. How were you injured...”

“Let me take care of him, sir,” said Suhyuk.

Oh nodded at his words, and left the scene after saying goodbye to his parents.

Suhyuk checked his shin carefully. There were some bruises caused by the blood being trapped under the skin from ruptured capillaries, and also some swelling.

“Were you buried under bricks, dad?”

“It’s alright. It’ll be okay after I apply a muscle relaxant patch. Just go and do your work.”

At his curt reply, Suhyuk grabbed his shin with some strength.

“Ooohh...”

Though he made a low moan, he did not change his facial expression at all as if he did not want to show it to his son.

Suhyuk knitted his brows a bit. It seemed like his shin had a fracture.

He began disinfecting it without saying anything. If he did say anything, he felt he would shed tears all of a sudden.

When he was done, he barely opened his mouth, "You seem to have a fracture in your shin."

"Fracture in my shin? Never mind..."

"Wait a minute," said Suhyuk, who then brought a stretcher.

"Please get on it, dad."

"Aren't you busy?"

"Honey, listen to him!"

He then reluctantly got on the stretcher.

Suhyuk pushed it out of the emergency room.

"How did you get injured, by the way?"

"Nothing serious, son."

Instead of his short reply, his mother now opened her mouth, "He was working near this place when he was buried under some piled-up bricks. He just insisted on going to another hospital instead of Daehan Hospital for treatment. You know how stubborn he is, right?"

He looked at his father lying on the stretcher. He could figure out why.

His father did not want to disturb his son.

Suhyuk was pushing the stretcher without any word, and soon arrived at the scanning room.

He moved to the opposite room overlooking the scanning room.

"Careful scanning, please."

At Suhyuk's words, the radiologist nodded his head, "Don't worry, sir. As I know whose father he is..."

Weeieing...

At the sound of the scanning machine, Suhyuk fixed his eyes on his father.

What was he thinking?

Looking at his father quietly, Suhyuk wiped his eyelids with his sleeve.

Then he found his shoulder being patted by his mother gently.

Her soft voice came into his ears, "It's alright, it's alright."

Then the radiologist said, "Looks like he is normal, except for one crack in his shin."

Suhyuk looked at the monitor. He was right.

Checking the monitor carefully, he raised his head suddenly.



Suhyuk's father had his shin plastered in a cast, which was done by his son.

He used synthetic cast, which had more advantages compared to ordinary plaster bandages.

First of all, it was light and tight. Also its embedded ventilation made the patient feel less stuffy around the plastered area.

"Just listen to Suhyuk," said Suhyuk's mother.

At her angry scolding, he would have no choice but to be hospitalized for one day according to Suhyuk's wishes.

It was a room for two patients.

Suhyuk administered expensive tonic to him and went out for a moment.

And he went to the break room at the end of the hallway.

Looking at the sky, Suhyuk let out a long sigh.

He did not know his father was working right near Daehan Hospital.

'How stupid I am.'

Though he paid lots of lip service to his parents with words, there was nothing he

translated into action. All he did was to give them two thirds of his monthly salary.

Maybe they would deposit the money for him as the seed money for his marriage later.

Suhyuk's deep sigh lasted a long time.

He had to look for some way to make them enjoy a happy life during their remaining years.

Returning to the patient's room, Suhyuk was stunned.

Nobody was there.

The toilet as well as the water purifier were inside the room.

Suhyuk waited for a moment, seated on the bed.

Still, he did not sense that his father and mother were coming back. For as long as one hour he waited.

After that, he went out to look for them but it was in vain.

Did they go home?

There was little possibility of their returning home because they could not get discharged without paying the bill.

Suddenly he took out his cell phone, but it did not turn on because it ran out of battery.

Returning back to his lodging, he charged the phone, and when it was turned on, he called his mother.

"Suyuk, did your phone run out of battery?"

"Yes, mom. I've just charged it. Where are you now?"

"Oh, we've been transferred to another room. It's so cool here. Honey, what did they call this room? Now I remember it. VIP?"

Suhyuk's eyes became wide.

VIP rooms of Daehan Hospital were extraordinary rooms reserved usually for company presidents or National Assemblymen.

Its interior was designed like hotel rooms.

“I’ll be there now.”

Suhyuk went up to the top floor of Daehan Hospital.

Getting off the elevator, he ran into Profs. Lee Mansuk and Kim Jinwook unexpectedly.

Both of them were talking with each other in front of the room.

“Let me pay the bill,” said Prof. Lee.

At his words, Kim replied with a smile, “I think I told you at the ginseng chicken soup restaurant last time that I owe them a nice treatment someday...”

It was a lie, of course.

“Yeah, I know, but treat them next time!”

“Why should I do?”

“Let me pay today, Prof. Kim.”

They did not yet give up on Suhyuk.

Unaware of it, Suhyuk approached them, saying, “Hi, sirs. Are my parents staying here?”

“Oh, Suhyuk. Yes, they’ve move here.”

“Suhyuk! This brother called you many, many times. Did your phone run out of battery?”

Did he not hear them well?

Suhyuk went into the room.

The first things that came into his eyes were a large TV set and luxurious sofa.

Even the refrigerator was expensive, and the room had a veranda.

It was the first time ever that Suhyuk had entered a VIP room.

It was only natural that Suhyuk had no chance to visit it because those admitted to VIP rooms were taken care by the professors alone.

“Suhyuk!”

At his mother’s voice he turned his head to her.

Seated on a soft bed, his father was enjoying fruits peeled by her.

“When did you move here...”

“Prof. Lee Mansuk and Prof. Kim Jinwook insisted we move here, saying only one room is available here.”

The VIP room charge would be very expensive.

“They told us it was because they were treated to delicious ginseng chicken soup last time. Hohoho...”

Then the two professors’ conversation was heard slightly outside the room.

“Hey, why are you stopping me like this?”

“Well, I’m just heading for the elevator...”

Their sense of presence soon faded away.

“These apples here taste very delicious. Try one, Suhyuk.”

Suhyuk was handed one piece of apple that she offered.

It was very delicious.

He then took a glance at his father.

Slightly leaning on the bed, he was watching the TV news.

“How do you feel, dad?”

“I’m fine,” said he.

They talked with each other cheerfully. Of course his father was reticent, while his mother talked most. She asked him how his work was going at the hospital.

“Well, it’s time for a soap opera for your father, ‘Great King Kwangge’ is on TV.”

The three cast their eyes at the TV.

How long passed? When the history drama was at an end, his mother made a regrettable look, because Suhyuk was asleep with his face down.

“His work must be very hard...”

His father then said, “That’s why I told you to go to another hospital.”

With a short sigh, she went to the restroom.

Then, his father stroked Suhyuk’s head with his hands with many small scars.

Has he ever stroked his son’s head like this before?

“I come to live high off the hog thanks to my son...”

Chapter 121

10:30pm.

After confirming his father was asleep, Suhyuk went out of the room. So did his mother.

He closed the door of the room quietly.

“Have a good sleep.”

Having said that, he turned back.

Im Gyungso called him when he came back to the cardiothoracic surgery department.

He looked at Suhyuk with half-closed eyes as if he had something against him.

“Where have you been...?”

“Sorry, my father has been hospitalized.”

“What?”

“He’s been hospitalized with injuries.”

Im was about to say some harsh words, but stopped, and then he was handed a patient’s chart from a nurse. It was the record about the patient who had surgery for pleural fluid.

“I took care of it.”

At his voice, Suhyuk just looked at him, who was stroking his chin with a bitter expression.

It was natural that Im showed such an expression.

After Suhyuk disappeared suddenly, he had to take care of the patient.

It was really uncomfortable for Im to deal with the patient looking like a gangster.

Besides, the patient really hated anesthesia.

“Where are you going?”

Im opened his mouth when Suhyuk began moving.

“To check the condition of the patient, sir.”

Im nodded his head.

It was part of Suhyuk’s daily work that he checked the patient’s condition before leaving the office. He never failed to do so. Sometimes he visited the patient’s room until the wee hours of the night.

“Take care of your father today instead of seeing the patients.”

Suhyuk smiled bitterly at Im’s remarks.

Though he wanted to, his father was sleeping.

Bowing his head slightly, Suhyuk soon began making the rounds.

He checked the patients’ vital signs and IVs, and sometimes covered them with blankets.

Almost two hours passed by the time he was done.

Going out of the last patient’s room, Suhyuk’s gait looked feeble.

He headed to the elevator to go to the Sky Park on the rooftop.

As it was late, there were not many people there.

Sometimes some medical staff holding coffee passed by.

Holding onto the railing, he looked up at the sky.

His father’s image glimmered in his eyes when he made the rounds, and that of his mother sleeping on the bed next to him too.

He just thought himself so pathetic because he did not thank his parents enough for raising him.

He felt that he had been taking care of only patients, and only doing what he wanted.

“Huuuuuuuh...”

Then someone's voice was heard in the back.

He turned his head at the abrupt voice.

It was Han Binna, who saw him getting on the elevator.

She bought a canned coke from a vending machine for him.

And she was convinced that Suhyuk looked unusually down today.

He received the coke, saying, "Thanks."

He drank it down in a single gulp.

"You look like you're on call today," asked Suhyuk.

She nodded at his asking, and sat next to him.

"You look kind of tired..."

"Yes, a bit..."

Suhyuk nodded his head slowly.

"Why don't you take vacation leave if you're stressed out? You had better take care of your own health first..."

Turning to her, he smiled at her.

She misunderstood him because that was not the point.

Binna went red in the face suddenly. It was not so easy for her to see face to face with someone she liked.

"Thanks," said Suhyuk with sincerity. She was always there to cheer him up.

"My father was hospitalized today, so I'm kind of down."

Her eyes became wide.

"Did he feel unwell?"

Suhyuk shook his head, replying, "Oh, he has a fracture in his shin."

"Oh my god... I hope he gets well soon."

Suhyuk beamed at her. Her words seemed to comfort him.

For a while they looked up at the sky without talking to each other.



7am.

Suhyuk visited his father's room.

"Son, did you eat breakfast?" asked his mother.

His father then said bluntly, "Why did you come when you're so busy?"

"I'm not really busy. Why did you change clothes?"

Taking off the patient's gown, he was already dressed in the clothes he had on when he was taken into the emergency room.

"Looks like I don't fit well with this place. I feel like I might get sick if I stay longer here."

His mother shook her head, saying, "Who is going to stop him?"

"Still, please have breakfast before you go."

His father shook his head and said, "Well, I don't have any appetite."

After all, his father, who insisted on going back home, was ready to go out.

Suhyuk helped him walk, and watched him using crutches quietly.

Fortunately he was good at using crutches.

"You have to take a rest for the time being, dad."

"How long does it take to remove this cast?"

"At least 5 weeks..."

He made a bitter smile at Suhyuk's words. He seemed to be thinking about his job.

As the bill was already paid by Prof. Lee Mansuk, his parents wanted to offer thanks to him, but could not because he was out on a trip to attend an academic seminar.

“Get in, please!”

Suhyuk called a taxi, and opened the rear door.

If he had not done so, his father would obviously have used public transportation like the bus to get home.

“Okay, don’t skip meals before going to work.”

His father got in the taxi first.

“If anything happens, give me a call, son. Thanks for what you’ve done for your father.”

She tidied up his gown, saying, “I’m leaving now.”

When they got in, Suhyuk opened the front door and gave the driver a fee.

“Suhyuk, I’ve got money.”

Suhyuk smiled gently, saying, “I’ve got the money too. Good driving, please.”

When he closed the door, the taxi drove immediately.

Then his phone buzzed. It was a call from the hospital director.

“Yes, this is Lee Suhyuk, sir.”

“Can I see you for a moment?”

When the taxi disappeared out of his sight, Suhyuk began moving.



Knock, knock, knock.

“Come in.”

Suhyuk bowed his head, and the director, sitting before a PC, offered him a seat.

When he sat on the sofa, his secretary put down coffee and left.

Taking a sip of coffee, the director said, “Is there anything you find uncomfortable about working here?”

“No, it’s very good here.”

The director nodded his head at that.

“Why did you want to see me, sir?”

Savouring the coffee, he put down his cup and said, “Okay, let me say it briefly. Won’t you go on TV? It’s a TV program about medical common sense...”

The director continued on and on. According to him, it’s a program hosted by an entertainer, with a doctor examining and explaining about diseases. And the director thought he was the right candidate for such a TV program. For Suhyuk was tall and handsome, with his vast knowledge of medical science that even the professors praised. Besides, Suhyuk could promote Daehan Hospital indirectly by participating in the program.

As soon as he said that however, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “I’m sorry I don’t want to.”

Appearance on TV was the last thing he wanted.

“You don’t like it? If you appear on TV, your recognition among the people will go up, too.”

“Sorry, sir.”

The director could not help but give a hollow smile at his unhesitant reply.

“Got it.”

“Goodbye, then.”

“Why are you in such a hurry? Just drink the coffee before going.”

“Actually I’ve got to see a patient.”

It was a lie. To him, talking with a patient was better than staying here in the director’s office.

The director nodded his head, “Okay, then.”

Is there anybody who does not want to be on TV? If Lee Suhyuk starts his own clinic, his appearance as a TV guest would be an advantage to him.

Scratching his head with one of his fingers, he asked himself, “Does he hate me?”



Coming out of the office, Suhyuk picked up the phone.

This time it was a call from Prof. Han Myungjin.

“Yes, professor.”

“Are you available now?”

“What’s up, sir?”

“Come to my office. I’ve got something to say...”

“Yes, sir.”

Suhyuk headed to Han’s office directly.

Was he going to bring up the topic of the TV program?

If he did, Suhyuk thought he would reject it like before.

Arriving at the office, he knocked on the door and went in.

“Oh, you’re here already.”

Combing through a medical book, Han smiled at him.

“If you’re going to talk about the TV program...”

“What are you talking about? TV?”

“No, sir. Never mind.”

“Alright. You want me to cut to the point, right?”

With an embarrassed look, Suhyuk nodded.

“Do you know how to speak English?”

“Just a little bit...”

“That is not enough. You should have enough of a command of English to be able to speak with Americans.”

Suhyuk made a curious look.

“Actually I’m going to the US on a working trip. For about one year.”

Strictly speaking, he was invited by a hospital in the US.

Han opened his mouth again, “Don’t you want to go with me?”

Suhyuk’s eyes became wide.

“It would do you good if you go. Your value as a doctor will go up too.”

The images of his parents came to his mind.

“Can I make money there while taking care of the patients?”

Han was surprised a bit because he thought Suhyuk would go anywhere for money.

“Of course. Just think that you’re working in the US for one year.”

“When are you leaving, sir?”

“One week later.”

Suhyuk nodded his head slowly.

There was silence between them, while Han waited for him to reply.

About 10 minutes passed.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, “If I go with you, I’m afraid the cardiothoracic surgery department will be short staffed.”

Actually there were not many interns at the department, let alone the persistent lack of doctors.

“You don’t have to worry about it. Doctors are everywhere, and somebody else will take our place soon.”

Suhyuk nodded his head. There were many doctors who wanted to work at Daehan Hospital.

“I think I need some time to think it over.”

“Sure. I understand as I’ve brought it up suddenly. But don’t keep me waiting too long.

I've been thinking of someone else if you say no."

"Yes, sir."

He went out of the office, thinking of the patients who he had taken care of up to now, including his parents.

'What is the right choice?'

He could not stay away from that thought.



Suhyuk arrived at the cardiothoracic surgery department.

Im approached and asked, "Why did the hospital director call you?"

Shrouded in thoughts, Suhyuk suddenly came to his senses, and said, "I think I'm going to the United States."



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